HARRINGTON,

AND

ORMOND,

TALES,

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH,

Author of Comic Dramas, Tales of Fashionable Life, &c. &c.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

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ORMOND.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT! no music, no dancing at Castle Hermitage to-night; and all the ladies sitting in a formal circle, petrifying into perfect statues," cried Sir Ulick O'Shane as he entered the drawing-room, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, accompanied by what he called his *rear-guard*, veterans of the old-school of good fellows, who at those times in Ireland, times long since past, deemed it essential to health, happiness, and manly character, to swallow, and shew themselves able to stand after swallowing,

a certain number of bottles of claret per day or night.

"Now then," continued Sir Ulick, "of all the figures in nature or art, the formal circle is universally the most obnoxious to conversation, and, to me, the most formidable; all my faculties are spell-bound—here I am like a bird in a circle of chalk, that dare not move so much as its head or its eyes, and can't, for the life of it, take to its legs."

A titter ran round that part of the circle where the young ladies sat—Sir Ulick was a favourite, and they rejoiced when he came among them; because, as they observed, "he always said something pleasant, or set something pleasant a-going."

"Lady O'Shane, for mercy's sake, let us have no more of these permanent sittings at Castle Hermitage, my dear—"

"Sir Ulick, I am sure I should be very glad if it were possible," replied Lady O'Shane, "to have no more per-

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manent sittings at Castle Hermitage, but when gentlemen are at their bottle, I really don't know what the ladies can do but sit in a circle."

"Can't they dance in a circle, or any way?—or have not they an elegant resource in their music? there's many here who, to my knowledge, can caper as well as they modulate," said Sir Ulick, "to say nothing of cards for those that like them."

"Lady Annaly does not like cards," said Lady O'Shane, "and I could not ask any of these young ladies to waste their breath and their execution, singing and playing before the gentlemen came out."

"These young ladies would not, I'm sure, do us old fellows the honour of waiting for us; and the young beaux deserted to your tea-table a long hour ago—so why you have not been dancing is a mystery beyond my comprehension."

"Tea or coffee, Sir Ulick O'Shane, for the third time of asking?" cried a sharp female voice from the remote tea-table.

"Wouldn't you swear to that being the voice of a presbyterian?" whispered Sir Ulick, over his shoulder, to the curate: then aloud he replied to the lady, "Miss Black, you are three times too obliging.—Neither tea nor coffee I'll take from you to-night, I thank you kindly."

"Fortunate for yourself, Sir—for both are as cold as stones—and no wonder!" said Miss Black.

"No wonder!" echoed Lady O'Shane, looking at her watch, and sending forth an ostentatious sigh.

"What o'clock is it by your ladyship?" asked Miss Black, "I have a notion it's tremendously late."

"No matter—we are not pinned to hours in this house, Miss Black," said Sir Ulick, walking up to the tea-table,

and giving her a look, which said as plainly as look could say—"You had better be quiet."

Lady O'Shane followed her husband, and putting her arm within his, began to say something in a fondling tone; and in a most conciliatory manner she went on talking to him for some moments.—He looked absent, and replied coldly.

"I'll take a cup of coffee from you now, Miss Black," said he, drawing away his arm from his wife, who looked much mortified.

"We are too long, Lady O'Shane," added he, "standing here like lovers, talking to no one but ourselves—aukward in company!"

"*Like lovers*—" the sound pleased poor Lady O'Shane's ear, and she smiled for the first time this night,—Lady O'Shane was perhaps the last woman in the room, whom a stranger would have guessed to be Sir Ulick's wife.

He was a fine gallant *off-hand* looking Irishman, with something of *dash* in his tone and air, which at first view might lead a common observer to pronounce him to be vulgar; but at five minutes after sight, a good judge of men and manners would have discovered in him the power of assuming whatever manner he chose, from the audacity of the callous profligate to the deference of the accomplished courtier—the capability of adapting his conversation to his company and his views, whether his object were "to set the senseless table in a roar," or to insinuate himself into the delicate female heart. Of this latter power, his age had diminished, but not destroyed the influence. The fame of former conquests still operated in his favour, though he had long since passed his splendid meridian of gallantry.

While Sir Ulick is drinking his cup of cold coffee, we may look back a little into his family history. To go no fur-

ther than his legitimate loves, he had successively won three wives, who had each, in her turn, been desperately enamoured. The first he loved, and married imprudently, for love, at seventeen.—The second he admired, and married prudently for ambition, at thirty.—The third he hated, but married from necessity for money, at five and forty. The first wife, Miss Annaly, after ten years martyrdom of the heart, sunk, childless, a victim, it was said, to love and jealousy.—The second wife, Lady Theodosia, struggled stoutly for power, backed by strong and high connexions; having, moreover, the advantage of being a mother, and mother of an only son and heir, the representative of a father in whom ambition had, by this time, become the ruling passion; the Lady Theodosia stood her ground, wrangling and wrestling through a fourteen years wedlock, till at last, to Sir Ulick's great relief, not to say joy, her ladyship was

carried off by a bad fever, or a worse apothecary.—His present lady, formerly Mrs. Scraggs, a London widow, of very large fortune, happened to see Sir Ulick when he went to present some address, or settle some point between the English and Irish government:—he was in deep mourning at the time, and the widow pitied him very much. But she was not the sort of woman he would ever have suspected could like him—she was a strict pattern lady, severe on the times, and not unfrequently lecturing young men gratis. Now Sir Ulick O'Shane was a sinner, how then could he please a saint? He did, however—but the saint did not please him—though she set to work for the good of his soul, and in her own person relaxed, to please his taste, even to the wearing of rouge and pearl-powder, and false hair, and false eyebrows, and all the falsifications which the *setters up* could furnish. But after she had purchased all of youth which

age can purchase for money, it would not do.—The Widow Scraggs might, with her " lack lustre" eyes, have speculated for ever in vain upon Sir Ulick, but that, fortunately for her passion, at one and the same time the Irish ministry were turned out, and an Irish canal burst. Sir Ulick losing his place by the change of ministry, and one half of his fortune by the canal, in which it had been sunk; and having spent in unsubstantial schemes and splendid living more than the other half; now, in desperate misery, laid hold of the Widow Scraggs.—After a nine days courtship she became a bride —and she and her plum in the stocks—but not her messuage, house and lands, in Kent, became the property of Sir Ulick O'Shane. " Love was then lord of all" with her, and she was now to accompany Sir Ulick to Ireland. Late in life, she was carried to a new country, and set down among a people, whom she had all her previous days been taught to hold in

contempt or aversion; she dreaded Irish disturbances much, and Irish dirt more; she was persuaded that nothing could be right, good, or genteel, that was not English. Her habits and tastes were immutably fixed.—Her experience had been confined to a London life, and in proportion as her sphere of observation had been contracted, her disposition was intolerant. She made no allowance for the difference of opinion, customs, and situation, much less for the faults or foibles of people, who were to her strangers and foreigners—Her ladyship was therefore little likely to please or be pleased in her new situation,—her husband was the only individual, the only thing, animate or inanimate, that she liked in Ireland,—and while she was desperately in love with an Irishman, she disliked Ireland and the Irish:—even the Irish talents and virtues, their wit, humour, generosity of character, and freedom of manner, were lost upon her,—her country neighbours

were repelled by her air of taciturn self-sufficiency; and she, for her part, declared, she would have been satisfied to have lived alone at Castle Hermitage with Sir Ulick. But Sir Ulick had no notion of living alone with her, or for any body. His habits were all social and convivial—he loved shew and company: he had been all his life in the habit of entertaining all ranks of people at Castle Hermitage, from his excellency the lord lieutenant and the commander in chief for the time being, to Tim the gauger, and honest Tom Kelly, the *stalko*.

He talked of the necessity of keeping up a neighbourhood, and maintaining his interest in the county, as the first duties of man. Ostensibly Sir Ulick had no motive in all this, but the hospitable wish of seeing Castle Hermitage one continued scene of festivity; but, under this good fellowship and apparent thoughtlessness and profusion, there was an eye to his own

interest, and a keen view to the improvement of his fortune and the advancement of his family. With these habits and views it was little likely, that he should yield to the romantic, jealous, or economic tastes of his new lady—a bride ten years older than himself! Lady O'Shane was, soon after her arrival in Ireland, compelled to see her house as full of company as it could possibly hold, and her ladyship was condemned eternally to do the honours to successive troops of *friends*, of whom she knew nothing, and of whom she disliked all she saw or heard. Her dear Sir Ulick was, or seemed, so engrossed by the business of pleasure, so taken up with his guests, that but a few minutes in the day could she ever obtain of his company. She saw herself surrounded by the young, the fair, and the gay, to whom Sir Ulick devoted his assiduous and gallant attentions; and though his age, and his being a married

man, seemed to preclude, in the opinion of the cool or indifferent spectator, all idea of any real cause for jealousy, yet it was not so with poor Lady O'Shane's magnifying imagination. The demon of jealousy tortured her; and to enhance her sufferings she was obliged to conceal them, lest they should become subjects of private mockery or public derision. It is the peculiar misfortune or punishment of misplaced, and yet more of unseasonable passions, that in their distresses they obtain no sympathy—and while the passion is in all its consequences tragic to the sufferer, in all its exhibitions it is ludicrous to the spectator. Lady O'Shane could not be young, and would not be old: so without the charms of youth, or the dignity of age, she could neither inspire love, nor command respect. Nor could she find fit occupation or amusement, or solace or refuge, in any combination of company, or class of society. Unluckily as her judgment, never discri-

minating, was now blinded by jealousy; the two persons, of all his family connexions, upon whom she pitched as the peculiar objects of her fear and hatred, were precisely those who were most disposed to pity and befriend her—to serve her in private with Sir Ulick, and to treat her with deference in public. These two persons were Lady Annaly and her daughter. Lady Annaly was a distant relation of Sir Ulick's first wife, during whose life some circumstances had occurred, which had excited her ladyship's indignation against him. For many years all commerce between them had ceased. Lady Annaly was a woman of generous indignation, strong principles, and warm affections. Her rank, her high connexions, her high character, her having, from the time she was left a young and beautiful widow, devoted herself to the education and the interests of her children; her having persevered in her lofty course, superior to all the numerous temptations

of love, vanity, or ambition, by which she was assailed; her long and able administration of a large property, during the minority of her son; her subsequent graceful resignation of power; his affection, gratitude, and deference for his mother, which now continued to prolong her influence, and exemplify her precepts in every act of his own; altogether placed this lady high in public consideration—high as any individual could stand in a country, where national enthusiastic attachment is ever excited by certain noble qualities, congenial to the Irish nature. Sir Ulick O'Shane, sensible of the disadvantage of having estranged such a family connexion, and fully capable of appreciating the value of her friendship, had of late years taken infinite pains to redeem himself in Lady Annaly's opinion. His consummate address, aided and abetted, and concealed as it was by his off-hand manner, would scarcely have succeeded, had

it not been supported also by some sub-stantial good qualities, especially by the natural candour and generosity of his disposition. In favour of the originally strong, and, through all his errors, wonderfully surviving taste for virtue, some of his manifold transgressions might be forgiven. There was much hope and promise of amendment. And, besides—to state things just as they were, he had propitiated the mother, irresistibly, by his enthusiastic admiration of the daughter—so that Lady Annaly had at last consented to re-visit Castle Hermitage. Her ladyship and her daughter were now on this reconciliation visit; Sir Ulick was extremely anxious to make it agreeable. Besides the credit of her friendship, he had other reasons for wishing to conciliate her. His son Marcus was just twenty—two years older than Miss Annaly—in course of time, Sir Ulick thought it might be a match—his son could not possibly make a better;—beauty, for-

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tune, family connexions, every thing that the hearts of young and old desire.—Besides, (for in Sir Ulick's calculations *besides* was a word frequently occurring,) besides, Miss Annaly's brother was not as strong in body as in mind—in two illnesses his life had been despaired of—a third might carry him off—the estate would probably come to Miss Annaly.—*Besides*—be this hereafter as it might, there was at this present time a considerable debt due by Sir Ulick to these Annalys, with accumulated interest, since the time of his first marriage: and this debt would be merged in Miss Annaly's portion, should she become his son's wife. All this was very well calculated; but, to say nothing of the character or affections of the son, Sir Ulick had omitted to consider Lady O'Shane, or he had taken it for granted, that her love for him would induce her at once to enter into and second his views. It did not so happen. On the contrary, the

dislike which Lady O'Shane took at first to both the mother and daughter—to the daughter instinctively, at sight of her youth and beauty; to the mother reflectively, on account of her matronly dress and dignified deportment, in too striking contrast to her own frippery appearance—increased every day, and every hour, when she saw the attentions, the adoration, that Sir Ulick paid to Miss Annaly, and the deference and respect he shewed to Lady Annaly, all for qualities and accomplishments, in which Lady O'Shane was conscious that she was irremediably deficient. Sir Ulick thought to extinguish her jealousy, by opening to her his views on Miss Annaly for his son; but the jealousy, taking only a new direction, strengthened in its course—Lady O'Shane did not like her son-in-law—had indeed no great reason to like him.—Marcus disliked her, and was at no pains to conceal his dislike. She dreaded the accession of domestic power and influence

he would gain by such a marriage.—She could not bear the thoughts of having a daughter-in-law brought into the house —placed in eternal comparison with her. Sir Ulick O'Shane was conscious, that his marriage exposed him to some share of ridicule; but hitherto, except when his taste for raillery, and the diversion of exciting her causeless jealousy, interfered with his purpose, he had always treated her ladyship, as he conceived that Lady O'Shane ought to be treated. Naturally good-natured, and habitually attentive to the sex, he had indeed kept up appearances better than could have been expected, from a man of his former habits, to a woman of her ladyship's present age. But if she now crossed his favourite scheme, it would be all over with her;— her submission to his will had hitherto been a sufficient, and a convenient proof, and the only proof he desired, of her love. Her ladyship's evil genius, in the shape of Miss Black, her humble companion,

was now busily instigating her to be refractory. Miss Black had frequently whispered, that if Lady O'Shane would shew more spirit, she would do better with Sir Ulick;—that his late wife, Lady Theodosia, had ruled him, by shewing proper spirit;—that in particular, she should make a stand against the encroachments of Sir Ulick's son, Marcus, and of his friend and companion, young Ormond. In consequence of these suggestions, Lady O'Shane had most judiciously thwarted both these young men in trifles, till she had become their aversion: this aversion Marcus felt more than he expressed, and Ormond expressed more strongly than he felt. To Sir Ulick his son and heir was his first great object in life; yet, though in all things he preferred the interest of Marcus, he was not as fond of Marcus as he was of young Ormond.—Young Ormond was the son of the friend of Sir Ulick O'Shane's youthful and warm-hearted days—the son of an officer

who had served in the same regiment with him in his first campaign. Captain Ormond afterwards made an unfortunate marriage; that is, a marriage without a fortune—his friends would not see him or his wife—he was soon in debt, and in great distress.—He was obliged to leave his wife and go to India—She had then one child at nurse in an Irish cabin.—She died soon afterwards. Sir Ulick O'Shane took the child, that had been left at nurse, into his own house; from the time it was four years old, little Harry Ormond became his darling, and grew up his favourite. Sir Ulick's fondness, however, had not extended to any care of his education; quite the contrary; he had done all he could to spoil him by the most injudicious indulgence, and by neglect of all instruction or discipline. Marcus had been sent to school and college; but Harry Ormond, meantime, had been let to run wild at home: the gamekeeper, the huntsman, and a cousin of

Sir Ulick's, who called himself the king of the Black Islands, had had the principal share in his education. Captain Ormond, his father, was not heard of for many years; and Sir Ulick always argued, that there was no use in giving Harry Ormond the education of an estated gentleman, when he was not likely to have an estate. Moreover, he prophesied that Harry would turn out the cleverest man of the two; and in the progress of the two boys towards manhood, Sir Ulick had shewn a strange sort of double and inconsistent vanity in his son's acquirements, and in the orphan Harry's natural genius. Harry's extremely warm, generous, grateful temper, delighted Sir Ulick; but he gloried in the superior polish of his own son. Harry Ormond grew up with all the faults that were incident to his natural violence of passions, and that might necessarily be expected from his neglected and deficient education. His devoted gratitude and attach-

ment to his guardian father, as he called Sir Ulick, made him amenable in an instant, even in the height and tempest of his passions, to whatever Sir Ulick desired; but he was ungovernable by most other people, and rude, even to insolence, where he felt tyranny, or suspected meanness. Miss Black and he were always at open war; to Lady O'Shane he submitted, though with an ill grace; yet he did submit, for his guardian's sake, where he himself only was concerned; but, most imprudently and fiercely, he contended upon every occasion where Marcus, when aggrieved, had declined contending with his mother-in-law.

Upon the present occasion the two youths had been long engaged to dine with, and keep the birth-day of Mr. Cornelius O'Shane, the king of the Black Islands—next to Sir Ulick, the being upon earth to whom Harry Ormond thought himself most obliged, and to

whom he felt himself most attached. This he had represented to Lady O'Shane, and had earnestly requested, that, as the day for the intended dance was a matter of indifference to her, it might not be fixed on this day; but her ladyship had purposely made it a trial of strength, and had insisted upon their returning at a certain hour. She knew that Sir Ulick would be much vexed by their want of punctuality on this occasion, where the Annalys were concerned, though, in general, punctuality was a virtue for which he had no regard.

Sir Ulick had finished his cup of coffee. "Miss Black send away the tea things—send away all these things," cried he. "Young ladies, better late than never, you know—let's have dancing now; clear the decks for action."

The young ladies started from their seats immediately. All was now in happy motion. The servants answered promptly—the tea things retired in haste

—tables rolled away—chairs were swung into the back ground—the folding-doors of the dancing-room were thrown open —the pyramids of wax candles in the chandeliers (for this was ere argands were on earth) started into light—the musicians tuning, screwing, scraping, sounded, discordant as they were, joyful notes of preparation.

"But where's my son? Where's Marcus?" said Sir Ulick, drawing Lady O'Shane aside. "I don't see him any where."

"No," said Lady O'Shane; "you know that he would go to dine to-day with that strange cousin of yours, and neither he nor his companion have thought proper to return yet."

"I wish you had given me a hint," said Sir Ulick, "and I would have waited; for Marcus ought to lead off with Miss Annaly."

"*Ought*—to be sure," said Lady O'Shane; "but that is no rule for young

gentlemen's conduct. I told both the young gentlemen, that we were to have a dance to-night. I mentioned the hour, and begged them to be punctual."

"Young men are never punctual," said Sir Ulick; "but Marcus is inexcuseable to-night on account of the Annalys."

Sir Ulick pondered for a moment with an air of vexation, then turning to the musicians, who were behind him—

"You four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row—you gentlemen musicians, scrape and tune on a little longer if you please. Remember *you are not ready* till I draw on my gloves. Break a string or two if necessary."

"We will—we shall—plase your honour."

"I wish, Lady O'Shane," continued Sir Ulick in a lower tone, "I wish you had given me a hint of this."

"Truth to tell, Sir Ulick, I did, I own, conceive from your walk and way,

that you were not in a condition to take any hint I could give."

"Pshaw, my dear, after having known me, I won't say loved me, a calendar year, how can you be so deceived by outward appearances? Don't you know that I hate drinking? but when I have these county electioneering friends, the worthy red noses, to entertain, I suit myself to the company, by acting spirits instead of swallowing them, for I should scorn to appear to flinch!"

This was true. Sir Ulick could, and often did, to the utmost perfection, counterfeit every degree of intoxication. He could act the rise, decline, and fall of the drunken man, marking the whole progress, from the first incipient hesitation of reason to the glorious confusion of ideas in the highest state of *elevation*, thence through all the declining cases of stultified paralytic ineptitude, down to the horizontal condition of preterpluperfect ebriety.

"Really, Sir Ulick, you are so good an actor that I don't pretend to judge—I can seldom find out the truth from you."

"So much the better for you, my dear, if you knew but all,"—said Sir Ulick, laughing.

"If I knew but all," repeated her ladyship, with an alarmed look.

"But that's not the matter in hand at present, my dear."

Sir Ulick protracted the interval before the opening of the ball as long as he possibly could—but in vain—the young gentlemen did not appear. Sir Ulick drew on his gloves. The broken strings of the violins were immediately found to be mended. Sir Ulick opened the ball himself with Miss Annaly, after making as handsome an apology for his son as the case would admit—an apology which was received by the young lady with the most graceful good nature. She declined dancing more than one dance, and

Sir Ulick sat down between her and Lady Annaly, exerting all his powers of humour to divert them, at the expense of his cousin, the king of the Black Islands, whose tedious ferry, or whose claret, or more likely whose whiskey-punch, he was sure, had been the cause of Marcus's misdemeanour. It was now near twelve o'clock. Lady O'Shane, who had made many aggravating reflexions upon the disrespectful conduct of the young gentlemen, grew restless on another *count*. The gates were left open for them—the gates ought to be locked! There were disturbances in the country. "Pshaw!" Sir Ulick said. Opposite directions were given at opposite doors to two servants.

"Dempsey, tell them they need not lock the gates till the young gentlemen come home, or at least, till one o'clock," said Sir Ulick.

"Stone," said Lady O'Shane to her own man in a very low voice, "go down

directly, and see that the gates are locked, and bring me the keys."

Dempsey, an Irishman, who was half drunk, forgot to see or say any thing about it. Stone, an Englishman, went directly to obey his lady's commands, and the gates were locked, and the keys brought to her ladyship, who put them immediately into her work-table.

Half an hour afterwards, as Lady O'Shane was sitting with her back to the glass door of the green-house, which opened into the ball-room, she was startled by a peremptory tap on the glass behind her; she turned, and saw young Ormond, pale as death, and stained with blood.

"The keys of the gate instantly!" cried he, "for mercy's sake."

CHAPTER II.

LADY O'Shane, extremely terrified, had scarcely power to rise. She opened the drawer of the table, and thrust her trembling hand down to the bottom of the silk b g, into which the keys had fallen. Impatient of delay, Ormond pushed open the door, snatched the keys, and disappeared. The whole passed in a few seconds. The music drowned the noise of the opening door, and of the two chairs which Ormond had thrown down; those who sat near thought a servant had pushed in and gone out; but, however rapid the movement, the full view of the figure had been seen by Miss Annaly, who was sitting on the opposite side of the

room; Sir Ulick was sitting beside her, talking earnestly. Lady Annaly had just retired. "For Heaven's sake, what's the matter?" cried he, stopping in the middle of a sentence, on seeing Miss Annaly grow suddenly pale as death.—Her eyes were fixed on the door of the green-house; his followed that direction. "Yes," said he, "we can get out into the air that way, lean on me,"—she did so—he pushed his way through the crowd at the bottom of the country dance; and, as he passed, was met by Lady O'Shane and Miss Black, both with faces of horror.

"Sir Ulick, did you see," pointing to the door—"Did you see Mr. Ormond?—There's blood!"

"There's mischief!—certainly," said Miss Black.—"A quarrel—Mr. Marcus, perhaps."

"Nonsense!—no such thing, you'll find,"—said Sir Ulick, pushing on, and purposely jostling the arm of a servant

who was holding a salver of ices, overturning them all—and whilst the surrounding company were fully occupied about their clothes, and their fears and apologies, he made his way onwards to the green-house—Lady O'Shane clinging to one arm, Miss Annaly supported by the other—Miss Black following, repeating, "Mischief!—Mischief! you'll see, Sir."

"Miss Black, open the door, and not another word."

He edged Miss Annaly on the moment the door opened, dragged Lady O'Shane after him—pushed Miss Black back as she attempted to follow, but recollecting that she might spread the report of mischief if he left her behind, drew her into the green-house, locked the door, and led Miss Annaly out into the air.

"Bring salts! water! something, Miss Black—Follow me, Lady O'Shane."

"When I'm hardly able—your wife! —Sir Ulick—you might—" said Lady

O'Shane, as she tottered on—"you might, I should have *thought*—."

"No time for such thoughts, my dear," interrupted he—"Sit down on the steps—there, she is better now—now what is all this?"

"I am not to speak," said Miss Black.

Lady O'Shane began to say how Mr. Ormond had burst in, covered with blood, and seized the keys of the gates.

"The keys!"—But he had no time for *that* thought.—"Which way did he go?"

"I don't know; I gave him the keys of both gates."

The two entrances were a mile asunder—Sir Ulick looked for footsteps on the grass. It was a fine moonlight night. He saw footsteps on the path leading to the gardener's house. "Stay here, ladies, and I will bring you intelligence as soon as possible."

"This way, Sir Ulick—they are coming—" said Miss Annaly, who had now recovered her presence of mind.

Several persons appeared from a turn in the shrubbery, carrying some one on a hand barrow—a gentleman on horseback, with a servant and many persons walking. Sir Ulick hastened towards them; the gentleman on horseback spurred his horse and met him.

"Marcus!—is it you?—thank God. But Ormond!—where is he, and what has happened?"

The first sound of Marcus's voice, when he attempted to answer, shewed that he was not in a condition to give a rational account of any thing. His servant followed, also much intoxicated. While Sir Ulick had been stopped by their ineffectual attempts to explain, the people who were carrying the man on the hand-barrow came up. Ormond appeared from the midst of them. "Carry him on to the gardener's house," cried he, pointing the way, and coming forward to Sir Ulick.

"If he dies, I am a murderer!" cried he.

"Who is he?" said Sir Ulick.

"Moriarty Carroll, please your honour," answered several voices at once.

"And how happened it?" said Sir Ulick.

"The long and the short of it, Sir," said Marcus, as well as he could articulate, "the fellow was insolent, and we cut him down—and if it was to do again, I'd do it again with pleasure."

"No, no! you won't say so, Marcus, when you are yourself," said Ormond. —"Oh! how dreadful to come to one's senses all at once, as I did—the moment after I had fired that fatal shot—the moment I saw the poor fellow stagger and fall—"

"It was you, then, that fired at him," interrupted Sir Ulick.

"Yes, oh! yes!" said he, striking his forehead—"I did it in the fury of passion."

Then Ormond, taking all the blame upon himself, and stating what had passed

in the strongest light against himself, gave this account of the matter. After having drank too much at Mr. Cornelius O'Shane's, they were returning from the Black Islands, and afraid of being late, they were gallopping hard, when at a narrow part of the road they were stopped by some cars. Impatient of the delay, they abused the men who were driving them, insisting upon their getting out of the way faster than they could. Moriarty Carroll made some answer, which Marcus said was insolent; and enquiring the man's name, and hearing it was Carroll, said, all the Carrolls were bad people—rebels. Moriarty defied him to prove *that*—and added some expressions about tyranny, which enraged Ormond. This part of the provocation Ormond did not state—but merely said he was thrown into a passion by some observation of Moriarty's; and first he lifted his whip to give the fellow a horse whipping. Moriarty seized hold of the whip, and strug-

gled to wrest it from his hand;—Ormond then snatched a pistol from his holster, telling Moriarty he would shoot him, if he did not let the whip go. Moriarty, who was in a passion himself, struggled, still holding the whip. Ormond cocked the pistol, and before he was aware he had done so, the pistol accidentally went off, the ball entered Moriarty's breast. This happened within a quarter of a mile of Castle Hermitage. The poor fellow bled profusely—and, in assisting to lift him upon the hand-barrow, Ormond was covered with blood, as has been already described.

"Have you sent for a surgeon?" said Sir Ulick, coolly.

"Certainly—sent off a fellow on my own horse directly. Sir, will you come on to the gardener's house; I want you to see him, to know what you'll think. If he die, I am a murderer," repeated Ormond.

This horrible idea so possessed his ima-

gination, that he could not answer or hear any of the further questions that were asked by Lady O'Shane and Miss Black; but after gazing upon them with unmeaning eyes for a moment in silence, walked rapidly on: as he was passing by the steps of the green-house, he stopped short at the sight of Miss Annaly, who was still sitting there—

"What's the matter," said he, in a tone of great compassion, going close up to her. Then, recollecting himself, he hurried forward again.

"As I can be of no use—Unless I can be of any use," said Miss Annaly—"I will, now that I am well enough, return—My mother will wonder what has become of me."

"Sir Ulick, give me the key of the conservatory, to let Miss Annaly into the ball-room."

"Miss Annaly does not wish to dance any more to-night, I believe?" said Sir Ulick.

"Dance—oh no."

"Then, without exciting observation, you can all get in better at the back door of the house, and Miss Annaly can go up the back stairs to Lady Annaly's room, without meeting any one; and you, Lady O'Shane," added he, in a low voice, "order up supper, and say nothing of what has passed. Miss Black, you hear what I desire—no gossipping."

To get to the back door they had to walk round the house, and in their way they passed the gardener's. The surgeon had just arrived.

"Go on ladies, pray," said Sir Ulick, "what stops you."

"'Tis I stop the way, Sir Ulick," said Lady O'Shane, "to speak a word to the surgeon. If you find the man in any dangerous way, for pity's sake don't let him die at our gardener's—indeed the bringing him here at all I think a very strange step and encroachment of Mr. Ormond's. It will make the whole thing so public—and the people here-

abouts are so revengeful—if any thing should happen to him, it will be revenged on our whole family—on Sir Ulick in particular."

"No danger—nonsense, my dear."

But now this idea had seized Lady O'Shane, it appeared to her a sufficient reason for desiring to remove the man even this night. She asked why he could not be taken to his own home and his own people; she repeated, that it was very strange of Mr. Ormond to take such liberties, as if every thing about Castle Hermitage was quite at his disposal. One of the men who had carried the hand-barrow, and who was now standing at the gardener's door, observed, that Moriarty's *people* lived five miles off. Ormond, who had gone into the house to the wounded man, being told what Lady O'Shane was saying, came out; she repeated her words as he re-appeared. Naturally of sudden violent temper, and being now in the highest state of suspense and irritation, he broke out, for-

getful of all proper respect. Miss Black, who was saying something in corroboration of Lady O'Shane's opinion, he first attacked, pronouncing her to be an unfeeling *canting* hypocrite; then, turning to Lady O'Shane, he said, that she might send the dying man away if she pleased; but that if she did, he would go too, and that never while he existed would he enter her ladyship's doors again.

Ormond made this threat with the air of a superior to an inferior, totally forgetting his own dependent situation, and the dreadful circumstances in which he now stood.

"You are drunk, young man. My dear Ormond, you don't know what you are saying," interposed Sir Ulick.

At his voice, and the kindness of his tone, Ormond recollected himself. "Forgive me," said he, in a very gentle tone. "My head certainly is not—Oh! may you never feel what I have felt this last hour.—If this man dies—Oh! consider."

"He will not die—he will not die, I

hope—at any rate, don't talk so loud within hearing of these people. My dear Lady O'Shane, this foolish boy—this Harry Ormond, is, I grant, a sad scapegrace, but you must bear with him for my sake. Let this poor wounded fellow remain here—I won't have him stirred to-night—we shall see what ought to be done in the morning. Ormond, you forgot yourself strangely towards Lady O'Shane—as to this fellow—don't make such a rout about the business—I dare say he will do very well—We shall hear what the surgeon says—At first I was horribly frightened, I thought you and Marcus had been quarrelling. Miss Annaly, are not you afraid of staying out—Lady O'Shane, why do you keep Miss Annaly—Let supper go up directly."

"Supper! aye, every thing goes on as usual," said Ormond, "and I!—"

"I must follow them in, and see how things *are* going on, and prevent gossipping, for your sake, my boy," resumed Sir

Ulick, after a moment's pause. "You have got into an ugly scrape—I pity you from my soul—I'm rash myself—Send the surgeon to me when he has seen the fellow—Depend upon me if the worst come to the worst—There's nothing in the world I would not do to serve you," said Sir Ulick, "so keep up your spirits, my boy—We'll contrive to bring you through—At the worst it will only be manslaughter."

Ormond wrung Sir Ulick's hand—thanked him for his kindness; but repeated, "it will be murder—it will be murder, my own conscience tells me so—If he dies, give me up to justice!"

"You'll think better of it before morning," said Sir Ulick, as he left Ormond.

The surgeon gave Ormond little comfort. After extracting the bullet, and examining the wound, he shook his head—he had but a bad opinion of the case; and when Ormond took him aside, and

questioned him more closely, he confessed, that he thought the man would not live—he should not be surprised, if he died before morning. The surgeon was obliged to leave him to attend another patient; and Ormond, turning all the other people out of the room, declared he would sit up with Moriarty himself. A terrible night it was to him. To his alarmed and inexperienced eyes the danger seemed even greater than it really was, and several times he thought his patient expiring, when he was faint from loss of blood. The moments in which Ormond was occupied in assisting him were the least painful. It was when he had nothing left to do, when he had leisure to think, that he was most miserable; then the agony of suspense, and the horror of remorse, were felt, till feeling was exhausted; and he would sit motionless and stupified, till he was wakened again from this suspension of thought and sensation by some moan of the poor man, or some delirious startings. To-

ward morning the wounded man lay easier; and as Ormond was stooping over his bed to see whether he was asleep, Moriarty opened his eyes, and fixing them on Ormond, said, in broken sentences, but so as very distinctly to be understood—

"Don't be in such trouble about the likes of me—I'll do very well, you'll see—and even suppose I wouldn't—not a frind I have shall ever prosecute—I'll charge 'em not—so be asy—for you're a good heart—and the pistol went off unknownst to you—I'm sure there was no malice—let that be your comfort—It might happen to any man, let alone gentleman—Don't *take on* so—Only think of young Mr. Harry sitting up the night with me!—Oh! if you'd go now and settle yourself yonder on t'other bed, Sir—I'd be a great dale asier, and I don't doubt but I'd get a taste of sleep myself—while now, wid you standing over or *forenent* me, I can't close an eye for thinking of you, Mr. Harry—"

Ormond immediately threw himself

upon the other bed, that he might relieve Moriarty's feelings. The good nature and generosity of this poor fellow increased Ormond's keen sense of remorse. As to sleeping, for him, it was impossible; whenever his ideas began to fall into that sort of confusion which precedes sleep, suddenly he felt as if his heart was struck or twinged, and he started with the recollection that some dreadful thing had happened, and wakened to the sense of guilt and all its horrors. Moriarty, now lying perfectly quiet and motionless, and Ormond not hearing him breathe, he was struck with the dread that he had breathed his last. A cold tremor came over Ormond—he rose in his bed, listening in acute agony, when to his relief, he at last distinctly heard Moriarty breathing strongly, and soon afterwards—(no music was ever so delightful to Ormond's ear)—heard him begin to breathe loudly. The morning light dawned soon afterwards, and the

crowing of a cock was heard, which Ormond feared might waken him; but the poor man slept soundly through all these usual noises: the heaving of the bed-clothes over his breast went on with uninterrupted regularity. The gardener and his wife softly opened the door of the room, to inquire how things were going on; Ormond pointed to the bed, and they nodded, and smiled, and beckoned to him to come out, whispering that a *taste* of the morning air would do him good. He suffered them to lead him out, for he was afraid of debating the point in the room with the sleeping patient. The good people of the house, who had known Harry Ormond from a child, and who were exceedingly fond of him, as all the poor people in the neighbourhood were, said every thing they could think of upon this occasion to comfort him, and reiterated about a hundred times their prophecies, that Moriarty would be as sound and *good* a man as ever in a fortnight's time.

"Sure, when he'd take the soft sleep he couldn't but do well." Then, perceiving that Ormond listened to them only with faint attention, the wife whispered to her husband—"Come off to our work Johnny, he'd like to be alone, he's not equal to listen to our talk yet—it's the surgeon must give him hope—and he'll soon be here, I trust."

They went to their work, and left Ormond standing in the porch.—It was a fine morning—the birds were singing, and the smell of the honey-suckle, with which the porch was covered, wafted by the fresh morning air, struck Ormond's senses, but struck him with melancholy.

"Every thing in nature is cheerful—except myself!—Every thing in this world going on just the same as it was yesterday—but all changed for me!—within a few short hours—by my own folly, my own madness!—Every animal," thought he, as his attention was caught by the house dog, who was lick-

ing his hand, and, as his eye fell upon the hen and chickens, who were feeding before the door—"every animal is happy —and innocent!—But *if this man die— I shall be a murderer.*"

This thought, perpetually recurring, so oppressed him, that he stood motionless, till he was roused by the voice of Sir Ulick O'Shane.

"Well, Harry Ormond, how is it with you, my boy?—The fellow's alive, I hope."

"Alive.—Thank Heaven!—Yes: and asleep."

"Give ye joy—it would have been an ugly thing—not but what we could have brought you through:—I'd go through thick and thin, you know, for you—as if it was for my own son.—But Lady O'Shane," said Sir Ulick, changing his tone, and with a face of great concern, "I must talk to you about her—I may as well speak now, since it must be said—"

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"I am afraid," said Ormond, "that I spoke too hastily last night: I beg your pardon—"

"Nay—nay, put *me* out of the question: you may do what you please with me—always could, from the time you were four years old,—but, you know, the more I love any body, the more Lady O'Shane hates them. The fact is," continued Sir Ulick, rubbing his eyes, "that I have had a weary night of it—Lady O'Shane has been crying and whining in my ears: She says I encourage you in being insolent, and so forth—in short, she cannot endure you in the house any longer—I suspect that sour one" (Sir Ulick, among his intimates, always designated Miss Black in this manner,) "*puts her up to it.*—But I will not give up my own boy—I will take it with a high hand.—Separations are foolish things, as foolish as marriages—but I'd sooner part with Lady O'Shane at once, than let Harry

Ormond think I'd forsake him—especially in aukward circumstances."

"That, Sir Ulick, is what Harry Ormond can never think of you—he would be the basest, the most suspicious, the most ungrateful—but I must not speak so loud," continued he, lowering his voice, "lest it should waken Moriarty."

Sir Ulick drew him away from the door, for Ormond was cool enough at this moment to have common sense.

"My dear guardian-father, allow me still to call you by that name," continued Ormond, "believe me, your kindness is too fully—innumerable instances of your affection now press upon me, so that—I can't express myself, but depend upon it—suspicion of your friendship is the last that could enter my mind; I trust, therefore, you will do me the same sort of justice, and never suppose me capable of ingratitude—though the time is come, when we must *part*."

Ormond could hardly pronounce the word.

"Part!" repeated Sir Ulick, "no, by all the saints and all the devils in female form."

"I am resolved," said Ormond, "firmly resolved on one point, never to be a cause of unhappiness to one—who has been the source of so much happiness to me—I will no more be an object of contention between you and Lady O'Shane.—Give her up rather than me! Heaven forbid!—I the cause of separation, never—never.—I am determined—let what will become of me, I will no more be an inmate at Castle Hermitage."

Tears started into Ormond's eyes; Sir Ulick appeared much affected, and in a state of great embarrassment and indecision.

He could not bear to think of it—he swore it must not be,—then he gradually sunk to hoping it was not necessary, and proposing palliatives and half measures.—Moriarty must be moved to-

day—sent to his own friends.—That point he had, for peace sake, conceded to her ladyship, he said, but he should expect, on her part, that after a proper, a decent apology from Ormond, things might still be accommodated and go on smoothly, if that meddling Miss Black would allow them.

In short he managed so, that whilst he confirmed the young man in his resolution to quit Castle Hermitage, he threw all the blame on Lady O'Shane; Ormond never doubting the steadiness of Sir Ulick's affection, nor suspecting that he had any secret motive for wishing to get rid of him.

"But where can you go, my dear boy?—What will you do with yourself?—What will become of you?"

"Never mind—never mind what becomes of me, my dear Sir,—I'll find means—I have the use of head and hands."

"My cousin, Cornelius O'Shane, he

is as fond of you almost as I am, and he is not cursed with a wife—and *is* blest with a daughter," said Sir Ulick, with a sly smile.

"Oh yes," continued he, "I see it all now, you have ways and means—I no longer object—I'll write—no, you'll write better yourself to king Corny, for you are a greater favourite with his majesty than I am.—Fare ye well—Heaven bless you, my boy," said Sir Ulick, with warm emphasis. "Remember, whenever you want supplies, Castle Hermitage is your bank—you know I have a bank at my back—(Sir Ulick was joined in a banking house)—Castle Hermitage is your bank, and here's your quarter's allowance to begin with."

Sir Ulick put a purse into Ormond's hand, and left him.

CHAPTER III.

But is it natural? is it possible, that this Sir Ulick O'Shane could so easily part with Harry Ormond, and thus "whistle him down the wind to prey at fortune?" For Harry Ormond, surely, if for any creature living, Sir Ulick O'Shane's affection had shewn itself disinterested and steady. When left a helpless infant, its mother dead, its father in India, he had taken the child from the nurse, who was too poor even to feed or clothe it as her own; and he had brought little Harry up, at his castle with his own son—*as* his own son—He had been his darling;—literally his spoiled child;—nor had this fondness passed away with the prattling

playful graces of the child's first years, it had grown with its growth. Harry became Sir Ulick's favourite companion—hunting, shooting, carousing, as he had been his plaything during infancy. On no one occasion had Harry—violent and difficult to manage as he was to others, ever crossed Sir Ulick's will, or in any way incurred his displeasure. And now, suddenly, without any cause, except the aversion of a wife, whose aversions seldom troubled him in any great degree, is it natural that he should give up Harry Ormond, and suffer him to sacrifice himself in vain, for the preservation of a conjugal peace, which Sir Ulick ought to have known could not by such a sacrifice be preserved? Is it possible, that Sir Ulick should do this? Is it in human nature?

Yes, in the nature of Sir Ulick O'Shane. Long use had brought him to this; though his affections, perhaps, were naturally warm, he had on many occasions in his life sacrificed them to his scheming ima-

gination. Necessity—the necessity of his affairs, the consequences of his extravagance, had brought him to this; the first sacrifices had not been made without painful struggles—but by degrees his mind had hardened, and his warmth of heart had cooled. When he said or *swore* in the most cordial manner, "that he would do any thing in the world to serve a friend," there was always a mental reservation of—"any thing that does not hurt my own interest, or cross my schemes."

And how could Harry Ormond hurt his interest, or cross his schemes?—or how had Sir Ulick discovered this so suddenly? Miss Annaly's turning pale was the first cause of Sir Ulick's change of sentiments towards his young favourite. Afterwards, during the whole that passed, Sir Ulick had watched the impression made upon her—he had observed, that it was not for Marcus O'Shane's safety that she was anxious; and he

thought she had betrayed a secret attachment, the commencement of an attachment he thought it, of which she was perhaps herself unconscious.—Were such an attachment to be confirmed, it would disappoint Sir Ulick's schemes: therefore, with the cool decision of a practised *schemer*, he determined directly to get rid of Ormond; he had no intention of parting with him for ever, but merely while the Annalys were at Castle Hermitage: till his scheme was brought to bear, he would leave Harry at the Black Islands, and he could, he thought, recal him from banishment, and force a reconciliation with Lady O'Shane, and reinstate him in favour at pleasure.

But is it possible that Miss Annaly, such an amiable and elegant young lady as she is described to be, should feel any attachment, any predilection for such a young man as Ormond; ill educated, unpolished, with a violent temper, which had brought him early in life into the

dreadful situation in which he now stands? —And at the moment, when covered with the blood of an innocent man he stood before her, an object of disgust and horror, could any sentiment like love exist or arise in a well-principled mind?

Certainly not.—Sir Ulick's acquaintance with unprincipled women misled him completely in this instance, and deprived him of his usual power of discriminating character. Harry Ormond was uncommonly handsome, and though so young, had a finely-formed, manly, graceful figure; and his manner, whenever he spoke to women, was peculiarly prepossessing. These personal accomplishments, Sir Ulick thought, were quite sufficient to win any lady's heart—but Florence Annaly was not to be won by such means;—no feeling of love for Mr. Ormond had ever touched her heart, nor even crossed her imagination; none, under such circumstances, could have arisen in her innocent and well-regulated mind.

Sudden terror, and confused apprehension of evil, made her grow pale at the sight of his bloody apparition at the window of the ball-room. Bodily weakness, for she was not at this time in strong health, must be her apology, if she need any, for the faintness and loss of presence of mind, which Sir Ulick construed into proofs of tender anxiety for the personal fate of this young man. In the scene that followed, horror of his crime, pity for the agony of his remorse, was what she felt—what she strongly expressed to her mother, the moment she reached her apartment that night: nor did her mother, who knew her thoroughly, ever for an instant suspect, that in her emotion there was a mixture of any sentiments, but those which she expressed. Both mother and daughter were extremely shocked.—They were also struck with regret at the idea, that a young man, in whom they had seen many instances of a generous, good disposition, of natural

qualities and talents, which might have made him a useful, amiable, and admirable memberof s ociety, should be, thus early, a victim to his own undisciplined passion. During the preceding winter, they had occasionally seen something of Ormond, in Dublin. In the midst of the dissipated life which he led, upon one or two occasions, of which we cannot now stop to give an account, he had shewn, that he was capable of being a very different character from that which he had been made by bad education, bad example, and profligate indulgence, or shameful neglect on the part of his guardian.

Immediately after Sir Ulick had left Ormond, the surgeon appeared, and a new train of emotions arose. He had no time to reflect on Sir Ulick's conduct.—He felt hurried on rapidly, like one in a terrible dream.—He returned with the surgeon to the wounded man.

Moriarty had wakened, much refresh-

ed from his sleep, and the surgeon confessed that his patient was infinitely better, than he had expected to find him. Moriarty evidently exerted himself as much as he possibly could to appear better, that he might calm Ormond's anxiety, who stood waiting, with looks that shewed his implicit faith in the oracle, and feeling, that his own fate depended upon the next words that should be uttered.—Let no one scoff at his easy faith—at this time Ormond was very young, not yet nineteen, and had no experience either of the probability or of the fallacy of medical predictions. After looking very grave and very wise, and questioning and cross-questioning a proper time, the surgeon said, "it was impossible for him to pronounce any thing decidedly, till the patient should have passed another night; but that if the next night proved favourable, he might then venture to declare him out of immediate danger, and might then begin to hope, that with time and care he

would do well." With this opinion, guarded and dubious as it was, Ormond was delighted—his heart felt relieved of part of the heavy load by which it had been oppressed, and the surgeon was well feed from the purse, which Sir Ulick had put into Ormond's hands. Ormond's next business was, to send a *gossoon* with a letter to his friend the king of the Black Islands, to tell him all that had passed, and to request an asylum in his dominions. By the time he had finished and dispatched his letter, it was eight o'clock in the morning; and he was afraid that before he could receive an answer, it might be too late in the day to carry the wounded man as far as the Black Islands. He therefore accepted the hospitable offer of the village school-mistress, to give him and his patient a lodging for that night. There was indeed no one in the place, who would not have done as much for Master Harry.—All were in astonishment and sorrow, when they heard that

he was going to leave the Castle; and their hatred to Lady O'Shane would have known no bounds, had they learned that she was the cause of his *banishment*: but this he generously concealed, and forbade those of his followers or partizans, who had known any thing of what had passed, to repeat what they had heard. It was late in the day before Marcus rose; for he had to sleep off the effects of his last night's intemperance. He was in great astonishment, when he learned that Ormond was really going away; and "could scarcely believe," as he said repeatedly, "that Harry was so mad, or such a fool. As to Moriarty, a few guineas would have settled the business, if no rout had been made about it.—Sitting up all night with such a fellow, and being in such agonies about him,——how absurd!—What more could he have done, if he had shot a gentleman, or his best friend?—But Harry Ormond was always in extremes."

Marcus, though he had not a very clear

recollection of the events of the preceding night, was conscious, however, that he had been much more to blame than Ormond had stated; he had a remembrance of having been very violent, and of having urged Ormond to chastise Moriarty.—It was not the first time, that Ormond had skreened him from blame, by taking the whole upon himself. For this, Marcus was grateful to a certain degree: he thought he was fond of Harry Ormond, but he had not for him the solid friendship, that would stand the test of adversity; still less would it be capable of standing against any difference of party opinion. Marcus, though he appeared a mild, indolent youth, was violent where his prejudices were concerned,—instead of being governed by justice in his conduct towards his inferiors, he took strong dislikes, either upon false informations, or without sufficient examination of the facts—cringing and flattery easily won his fa-

vour; and on the other hand, he resented any spirit of independence, or even the least contradiction, from an inferior. These defects in his temper appeared more and more in him every year, as he ceased to be a boy, and was called upon to act as a man. The consequences of his actions became of greater importance, but in acquiring more power, he did not acquire more reason, or greater command over himself. He was now provoked with Ormond for being so anxious about Moriarty Carroll, because he disliked the Carrolls, and especially Moriarty, for some slight cause not worth recording. —He went to Ormond, and argued the matter with him, but in vain—Marcus resented this sturdiness, and they parted, displeased with each other.—Though Marcus expressed in words much regret at his companion's adhering to the resolution of quitting his father's house, yet it might be doubted, whether at the end of the conference

these professions were entirely sincere, whatever they might have been at the beginning; he had not a large mind, and perhaps he was not sorry to get rid of a companion, who had often rivalled him in his father's favour, and who might rival him where it was still more his ambition to please. The coldness of Marcus's manner at parting, and the little difficulty which he felt in the separation, gave exquisite pain to poor Ormond, who, though he was resolved to go, did wish to be regretted, especially by the companion, the friend of his childhood.—The warmth of his guardian's manner had happily deceived him; and to the recollection of this he recurred for comfort, at this moment when his heart ached, and he was almost exhausted with the succession of the painful, violently painful, feelings of the last four and twenty hours.

The gossoon who had been sent with

the despatch to the king of the Black Islands, did not return this day—disappointment upon disappointment. Moriarty, who had exerted himself too much, that he might appear better than he really was, suffered proportionably this night; and so did Ormond, who, never before having been with any person delirious from fever, was excessively alarmed. What he endured cannot be described—it was, however, happy for him, that he was forced to bear it all—nothing less could have made a sufficient impression on his mind—nothing less could have been a sufficient warning, to set a guard upon the violence of his passion of anger.

In the morning the fever abated,—about eight o'clock the patient sunk into a sound sleep—and Ormond kneeling by his bedside, ardent in devotion as in all his sentiments, gave thanks to Heaven, prayed for Moriarty's perfect recovery, and vowed with the strongest

adjurations, that, "if he might be spared for this offence, if he might be saved from the horror of being a murderer, no passion, no provocation should ever, during the whole future course of his life, tempt him to lift his hand against a fellow creature."

As he rose from his knees, after making this prayer and this vow, he was surprised to see standing beside him Lady Annaly —she had made a sign to the sick man, not to interrupt Ormond's devotion by any exclamation at her entrance.

"Be not disturbed—let me not feel that I embarrass you, Mr. Ormond," said she, "I came here not to intrude upon your privacy. Be not ashamed, young gentleman," continued she, "that I should have witnessed feelings that do you honour, and that interest me in your future fate."

"Interest Lady Annaly in my future fate!—is it possible!" exclaimed Ormond—"is it possible that one of whom

I stood so much in awe—one whom I thought so much too good, ever to bestow a thought on—such a one as I am —as I was, even before this fatal—" (his voice failed.)

"Not fatal I hope—I trust," said Lady Annaly, "this poor man's looks at this moment assure me, that he is likely to do well."

"True for ye, my lady," said Moriarty, "I'll do my best surely, I'd live through all, if possible, for his sake, let alone my mudther's, or shister's, or my own—'twould be too bad after all the trouble he got these two nights, to be dying at last, and *hanting* him, may be, whether I would or no—for as to prosecuting, that would never be any way, if I died twenty times over. I sint off that word to my mudther and shister, with my curse if they'd do *other* —and only that they were at the fair, and did not get the word, or the news of my little accident, they'd have been

here long ago, and the minute they come, I'll swear 'em not to prosecute, or harbour a thought of revenge again' him, who had no malice again' me, no more than a child. And at another's bidding, more than his own, he drew the trigger, and the pistol went off unknownst, in a passion.—So there's the case for you, my lady."

Lady Annaly, who was pleased with the poor fellow's simplicity and generosity in this tragi comic statement of the case, inquired if she could in any way afford him assistance.

"I thank your ladyship, but Mr. Harry lets me want for nothing."

"Nor ever will, while I have a farthing I can call my own," cried Ormond.

"But I hope, Mr. Ormond," said Lady Annaly, smiling, "that when Moriarty—is not that his name? regains his strength, to which he seems well inclined, you do not mean to make him miser-

able and good for nothing, by supporting him in idleness."

"No, he sha'n't, my lady—I would not let him be wasting his little substance on me.—And did ye hear, my lady, how he is going to lave Castle Hermitage?—Well of all the surprises ever I got! It come upon me like a shot—*my shot* was nothing to it!"

It was necessary to insist upon Moriarty's submitting to be silent, and quiet; for not having the fear of the surgeon before his eyes, and having got over his first awe of the lady, he was becoming too full of oratory and action.

Lady Annaly took Ormond out with her, that she might speak to him of his own affairs.

"You will not, I hope, Mr. Ormond, ascribe it to idle curiosity, but to a wish to be of service, if I inquire what your future plans in life may be?"

Ormond had never formed any, dis-

tinctly—"he was not fit for any profession, except, perhaps, the army—he was too old for the navy—he was at present going, he believed, to the house of an old friend, a relation of Sir Ulick, Mr. Cornelius O'Shane."

"My son, Sir Herbert Annaly, has an estate in this neighbourhood, at which he has never yet resided, but we are going there when we leave Castle Hermitage.—I shall hope to see you at *Annaly*, when you have determined on your plans;—perhaps you may shew us how we can assist in forwarding them."

"Is it possible!" repeated Ormond, in unfeigned astonishment, "that your ladyship can be so very good, so condescending, to one who so little deserves it—but I *will* deserve it in future.—If I get over this—interested in *my* future fate—Lady Annaly!"

"I knew your father many years ago," said Lady Annaly; "and as his

son, I might feel some interest for you; but I will tell you sincerely, that, on some occasions, when we met in Dublin, I perceived traits of goodness in you, which, on your own account, Mr. Ormond, have interested me in your fate.—But fate is an unmeaning common-place—worse than common-place word—it is a word that leads us to imagine, that we are *fated* or doomed to certain fortunes or misfortunes in life.—I have had a great deal of experience, and, from all I have observed, it appears to me that far the greatest part of our happiness or misery in life depends upon ourselves."

Ormond stopped short, and listened with the eagerness of one of quick feeling and quick capacity, who seizes an idea that is new to him, and the truth and value of which he at once appreciates.—For the first time in his life, he heard good sense from the voice of benevolence—he anxiously de-

sired that she should go on speaking, and stood in such an attitude of attentive deference, as fully marked that wish.

But at this moment Lady O'Shane's footman came up with a message from his lady; her ladyship sent to let Lady Annaly know that breakfast was ready. Repeating her good wishes to Ormond—she bade him adieu, while he was too much overpowered with his sense of gratitude to return her thanks.

"Since there exists a being, and such a being, interested for me, I must be worth something—and I will make myself worth something more—I will begin from this moment, I am resolved, to improve—and who knows, but in the end I may become every thing that is good—I don't want to be great!"

Though this resolution was not steadily adhered to—though it was for a time counteracted by circumstances, it was never afterwards entirely forgotten.—

From this period, in consequence of the great and painful impression which had been suddenly made on his mind, and from a few words of sense and kindness, spoken to him at a time when his heart was happily prepared to receive them, we may date the commencement of our hero's reformation and improvement. Hero, we say; but certainly never man had more faults than Ormond had to correct, or to be corrected, before he could come up to the received idea of any description of hero. Most heroes are born perfect—so at least their biographers, or rather their panegyrists, would have us believe. Our hero is far from this happy lot; the readers of his story are in no danger of being wearied at first setting out, with the list of his merits and accomplishments; nor will they be awed or discouraged by the exhibition of virtue above the common standard of humanity—beyond the hope of imitation. On the contrary, most

people will comfort and bless themselves with the reflection, that they never were *quite* so foolish, nor quite so bad as Harry Ormond.

For the advantage of those who may wish to institute the comparison, his biographer, in writing the life of Ormond, deems it a point of honour to extenuate nothing; but to trace, with an impartial hand, not only every improvement and advance, but every deviation or retrograde movement.

CHAPTER IV.

FULL of sudden zeal for his own improvement, Ormond sat down at the foot of a tree, determined to make a list of all his faults, and of all his good resolutions for the future.—He took out his pencil, and began on the back of a letter the following resolutions, in a sad scrawling hand and incorrect style:—

Harry Ormond's good resolutions.

Resolved 1st.—That I will never drink more than *(blank number of)* glasses.

Resolved 2dly.—That I will cure myself of being passionate.

Resolved 3dly.—That I will never keep low company.

Resolved.—That I am too fond of

flattery—women's especially I like most —To cure myself of that.

Here he was interrupted by the sight of a little gossoon, with a short stick tucked under his arm, who came pattering on barefoot in a kind of pace indescribable to those who have never seen it—it was something as like walking or running, as chaunting is to saying or singing.

"The answer I am from the Black Islands, Master Harry, and would have been back wid you afore nightfall yesterday, only *he*—king Corny—was at the fair of Frisky—could not write till this morning any way—but has his service to ye, Master Harry, will be in it for ye by half after two with a bed and blanket for Moriarty, he bid me say on account he forgot to put it in the note.—In the Sally Cove the boat will be there *abow* in the big lough, forenent the spot where the fir dale was cut last seraph by them rogues."

The despatch from the king of the Black Islands was then produced from the messenger's bosom, and it ran as follows:

"Dear Harry.—What the mischief has come over cousin Ulick to be banishing you from Castle Hermitage?—But since he *conformed* he was never the same man, especially since his last mis-marriage.—But no use moralising—he was always too much of a courtier for me.—Come you to me, my dear boy, who is no courtier, and you'll be received and embraced with open arms—was I Briareus the same way—Bring Moriarty Carroll (if that's his name), the boy you shot, which has given you so much concern—for which I like you the better—and honour that boy, who, living or dying, forbade to prosecute.—Don't be surprised to see the roof the way it is;—since Tuesday I wedged it up bodily without stirring a stick:—you'll see it from the boat, standing three foot high

above the walls, waiting while I'm building up to it—to get attics—which I shall for next to nothing—by my own contrivance.—Mean time, good dry lodging, as usual, for all friends at the palace. *He* shall be well tended for you by Sheelah Dunshauglin, the mother of Betty, worth a hundred of her! and we'll soon set him up again with the help of such a nurse, as well as ever, I'll engage—for I'm a bit of a doctor, you know, as well as every thing else.—But don't let any other doctor, surgeon, or apothecary, be coming after him for your life—for none ever gets a permit to land, to my knowledge, on the Black Islands—to which I attribute, under Providence, to say nothing of my own skill in practice, the wonderful preservation of my people in health—that, and woodsorrel, and another secret or two not to be committed to paper in a hurry—all which I would not have written to you, but am in the gout since four this

morning, held by the foot fast—else I'd not be writing, but would have gone every inch of the way for you myself in stile, in lieu of sending, which is all I can now do, my six-oared boat, streamers flying, and piper playing like mad—for I would not have you be coming like a banished man, but in all glory to Cornelius O'Shane, commonly called king *Corny*—but no *king* to you, only your hearty old friend."

"Heaven bless Cornelius O'Shane!" said Harry Ormond to himself, as he finished this letter, "king or no king, the most warm-hearted man on earth, let the other be who he will."

Then pressing this letter to his heart, he put it up carefully, and rising in haste, he dropped the list of his faults.—That train of associations was completely broken, and for the present completely forgotten; nor was it likely to be soon renewed at the Black Islands, especially in the palace, where he was now going

to take up his residence. Moriarty was laid on—what he never was laid on before—a feather-bed; and was transported, with Ormond, in the six-oared boat, streamers flying, and piper playing, across the lake to the islands. Moriarty's head ached terribly, but he nevertheless enjoyed the playing of the pipes in his ear, because of the air of triumph it gave Master Harry, to go away in this grandeur, in the face of the country. King Corny ordered the discharge of twelve guns on his landing, which popped one after another gloriously,—the *hospitable echoes*, as Moriarty called them, repeating the sound. A horse, decked with ribbands, waited on the shore, with king Corny's compliments for *prince* Harry, as the boy, who held the stirrup for Ormond to mount, said he was instructed to call him, and to proclaim him—"*Prince Harry*" throughout the island, which he did by sound of horn, the whole way they proceeded to the palace—very much

to the annoyance of the horse, but all for the greater glory of the prince, who managed his steed to the admiration of the shouting ragged multitude, and of his majesty who sat in state in his gouty chair at the palace door. He had had himself rolled out to welcome the coming guest.

"By all that's princely," cried he, "then, that young Harry Ormond was intended for a prince, he sits a horse so like myself; and that horse requires a master hand to manage him."

Ormond alighted ——

The gracious, cordial, fatherly welcome, with which he was received, delighted his heart.

"Welcome, prince, my adopted son, welcome to Corny *castle* — *palace* I would have said, only for the constituted authorities of the post-office, that might take exceptions, and not be sending me my letters right. As I am neither bishop nor arch—I have in their blind

eyes or conceptions no right—Lord help them!—to a temporal palace. Be that as it may, come you in with me, here into the big room—and see! there's the bed in the corner for your first object, my boy—your wounded chap—And I'll visit his wound, and fix it and him the first thing for ye, the minute he comes up."

His majesty pointed to a bed in the corner of a large apartment, whose beautiful painted ceiling and cornice, and fine chimney-piece with caryatides of white marble, ill accorded with the heaps of oats and corn—the thrashing cloth and flail which lay on the floor—

"It is intended for a drawing-room, understand," said king Corny, "but till it is finished, I use it for a granary or a barn, when it would not be a barrack-room or hospital, which last is most useful at present."

To this hospital Moriarty was carefully conveyed. Here, notwithstanding

his gout, which affected only his feet, king Corny dressed Moriarty's wound with exquisite tenderness and skill; for he had actually acquired knowledge and address in many arts, with which none could have suspected him to have been in the least acquainted.

Dinner was soon announced, which was served up with such a strange mixture of profusion and carelessness, as showed that the attendants, who were numerous and ill caparisoned, were not much used to gala-days. The crowd, who had accompanied Moriarty into the house, were admitted into the dining-room, where they stood round the king, prince, and father Jos the priest, as the courtiers, during the king's supper at Versailles, surrounded the king of France. But these poor people were treated with more hospitality than were the courtiers of the French king; for as soon as the dishes were removed, their contents were generously distri-

buted among the attendant multitude. The people blest both king and prince, "wishing them health and happiness long to *reign* over them;"—and bowing suitably to his majesty the king, and to his reverence the priest, without standing upon the order of their going, departed.

"And now, father Jos," said the king to the priest, "say grace, and draw close, and let me see you do justice to my claret, or the whiskey-punch if you prefer; and you, prince Harry, we will set to it regally as long as you please."

"Till tea-time,"—thought young Harry. "Till supper-time,"—thought father Jos. "Till bed-time,"—thought king Corny.

At tea-time young Harry, in pursuance of his *resolution the first*, rose, but he was seized instantly, and held down to his chair. The royal command was laid upon him "to sit still and be a good fellow."—Moreover the door was locked

—so that there was no escape, or retreat.

The next morning when he wakened with an aching head, he recollected with disgust the figure of father Jos, and all the noisy *mirth* of the preceding night. Not without some self-contempt, he asked himself what had become of his *resolution?*——

"The wounded boy was axing for you, Master Harry," said the girl, who came in to open the shutters.

"How is he?" cried Harry, starting up.

"He is *but soberly;** he got the night but middling; he concaits he could not sleep becaase he did not get a sight of your honour afore he'd settle—I tell him 'tis the change of beds, which always hinders a body to sleep the first night."

The sense of having totally forgotten the poor fellow—the contrast between

* *But soberly*—not very well, or in good spirits.

this forgetfulness and the anxiety and contrition of the two preceding nights, actually surprised Ormond; he could hardly believe that he was one and the same person. Then came excuses to himself—"Gratitude—common civility—the peremptoriness of king Corny—his passionate temper, when opposed on this *tender* point—the locked door—and two to one—In short, there was an impossibility in the circumstances of doing otherwise than what he had done. But then the same impossibility—the same circumstances—might recur the next night, and the next, and so on: the peremptory temper of king Corny was not likely to alter, and the moral obligation of gratitude would continue the same; so that at nineteen was he to become, from complaisance, what his soul and body abhorred—an habitual drunkard?—And what would become of Lady Annaly's interest in his fate or his improvement?"

The two questions were not of equal

importance, but our hero was at this time far from having any just proportion in his reasoning;—it was well he reasoned at all. The argument as to the obligation of gratitude,—the view he had taken of the never-ending nature of the evil, which must be the consequence of beginning with weak complaisance,—above all, the *feeling* that he had so lost his reason as not only to forget Moriarty, but to have been again incapable of commanding his passions, if any thing had occurred to cross his temper, determined Ormond to make a firm resistance on the next occasion that should occur. It did occur the very next night. After a dinner given to his chief tenants and the *genteel* people of the islands,—a dinner in honour and in introduction of his *adopted son*, king Corny gave a toast "to the prince presumptive," as he now stiled him—a bumper toast Soon afterwards he detected *day-light* in Harry's glass, and cursing it properly,

he insisted on flowing bowls and full glasses. "What! are you prince *presumptuous?*" cried he, with a half angry and astonished look, "Would you resist and contradict your father and king at his own table after dinner!——Down with the glass!"——

Further and steady resistance changed the jesting tone and half angry look of king Corny into sullen silence, and a black portentous brow of serious displeasure; after a decent time of sitting, the bottle passing him without further importunity, Ormond rose—it was a hard struggle—for in the face of his benefactor, he saw reproach and rage bursting from every feature. Still he moved on towards the door—he heard the words "sneaking off sober!—let him sneak!"

Ormond had his hand on the lock of the door—it was a bad lock, and opened with difficulty.

"There's gratitude for you! No heart after all—I mistook him."

Ormond turned back, and firmly standing, and firmly speaking, he said,—"You did not mistake me formerly, Sir,—but you mistake me now!—Sneaking!—Is there any man here sober or drunk," continued he, impetuously approaching the table, and looking round full in every face—"is there any man here dares to say so but yourself?—You, *you* my benefactor, my friend; you have said it—think it you did not—you could not, but say it you may.—*You* may say what you will to Harry Ormond, bound to you as he is—bound hand and foot and heart!—Trample on him as you will—*you* may—*No heart*—Oblige me, gentlemen, some of you," cried he, his anger rising and his eyes kindling as he spoke, "Some of you, gentlemen, if any of you think so, oblige me by saying so.—No gratitude, Sir!"—turning from them, and addressing himself to the old man, who held an untasted glass of claret as he listened. "No gratitude! Have not I?—Try me,

try me to the death—you have tried me to the quick of the heart, and I have borne it."

He could bear it no longer, he threw himself into the vacant chair—flung out his arms on the table, and laying his face down upon them, wept aloud. Cornelius O'Shane pushed the wine away. "I've wronged the boy, grievously—" said he, and forgettiug the gout, he rose from his chair, hobbled to him, and leaning over him—" Harry, 'tis I—Look up my own boy, and say you forgive me, or I'll never forgive myself. That's well," continued he, as Harry looked up and gave him his hand—" That's well!—you've taken the twinge out of my heart, worse than the gout—not a drop of gall or malice in your nature, nor ever was, more than in the child unborn. But see, I'll tell you what you'll do now, Harry, to settle all things—and lest the fit should take me ever to be mad with you on this score again. You don't chuse to drink more than's be-

coming?—Well, you're right, and I'm wrong. 'Twould be a burning shame of me to make of you what I have made of myself—I was born afore the present reformation in manners, in that respect.—We must do only as well as we can. But I will ensure you against the future—and before we take another glass—There's the priest—and you, Tom Ferrally there, step you for my swearing book. Harry Ormond, you shall take an oath against drinking more glasses than you please evermore, and then you're safe from me. But stay, you are a heretic. Phoo! What am I saying—'Twas seeing the priest put that word *heretic* in my head—you're not a catholic, I mean. But an oath's an oath, taken before priest or parson—an oath, taken how you will, will operate. But stay, to make all easy, 'tis I'll take it."

"Against drinking, you! King Corny!" said Father Jos, stopping his hand, "and in case of the gout in your stomach?"

"Against drinking! do you think I'd perjure myself? No! But against pressing *him* to it—I'll take my oath I'll never ask him to drink another glass more than he likes."

The oath was taken, and king Corny concluded the ceremony by observing, that "after all there was no character he despised more than that of a sot. But every gentleman knew that there was a wide and material difference betwixt a gentleman who was fond of his bottle, and that unfortunate being, an habitual drunkard. For his own part, it was his established rule never to go to bed without a proper quantity of liquor under his belt; but he defied the universe to say he was ever known to be drunk."

This startling assertion could not bring his majesty's veracity into question; for according to his definition, and to the received opinion at his court, "No man could be called drunk, so long as he could lie upon the ground without holding it."

At a court where such ingenious casuistry prevailed, it was happy for our hero, that an unqualifying oath now protected his *resolution.*

CHAPTER V.

IN the middle of the night our hero was wakened by a loud bellowing. It was only king Corny in a paroxysm of the gout. His majesty was naturally of a very impatient temper, and his maxims of philosophy encouraged him to the most unrestrained expression of his feelings.—The maxims of his philosophy —for he had read, though in a most desultory manner, and he had thought often deeply, and not seldom justly.—The turns of his mind, and the questions he asked, were sometimes utterly unexpected—

"Pray now," said he to Harry, who stood beside his bed—"now, that I've

a moment's ease—did you ever hear of the stoics that the bookmen talk of? and can you tell me what good any one of them ever got by making it a point to make no noise, when they'd be *punished* and racked with pains of body or mind? Why I will tell you all they got —all they got was no pity—who would give them pity, that did not require it?— I could bleed to death in a bath, as well as the best of them, if I chose it; or chew a bullet, if I set my teeth to it, with any man in a regiment—but where's the use? nature knows best, and she says *roar!*" And he roared—for another twinge seized him.

Nature said — *sleep!* several times this night to Harry, and to every body in the palace, but they did not sleep, they could not, while the roaring continued. So all had reason to rejoice, and Moriarty in particular, when his majesty's paroxysm was past. Harry was in a sound sleep at twelve o'clock,

the next day, when he was summoned into the royal presence. He found king Corny sitting at ease in his bed, and that bed strewed over with a variety of roots and leaves, weeds and plants. An old woman was hovering over the fire, stirring something in a black kettle—

"Simples these! of wonderful unknown power," said king Corny to Harry, as he approached the bed, "and I'll engage you don't know the name even of the half of them."—

Harry confessed his ignorance.

"No shame for you—was you as wise as King Solomon himself, you might not know them, for he did not, nor couldn't, he that had never set his foot a grousing on an Irish bog.—Sheelah! come you over, and say what's this?"

The old woman now came to assist at this bed of botany, and with spectacles slipping off, and pushed on her nose continually, peered over each green

thing, and named in Irish "every herb that sips the dew."

Sheelah was deeper in Irish lore, than king Corny could pretend to be: but then he humbled her with the "black hellebore of the antients," and he had, in an unaccountable manner, affected her imagination by talking of "that famous bowl of narcotic poisons, which that great man Socrates drank off."—Sheelah would interrupt herself in the middle of a sentence, and curtsy if she heard him pronounce the name of Socrates—and at the mention of the bowl, she would regularly sigh, and exclaim:—

"Lord save us!—But that was a wicked bowl."

Then after a cast of her eyes up to Heaven, and crossing herself on the forehead, she would take up her discourse at the word where she had left off.

King Corny set to work compound-

ing plaisters and embrocations, preparing all sorts of decoctions of roots and leaves, famous *through the country*. And while he directed and gesticulated from his bed, the old woman worked over the fire in obedience to his commands. Sometimes, however, not with that "prompt and mute obedience," which the great require.

It was fortunate for Moriarty, that king Corny, not having the use of his nether limbs, could not attend even in his gouty chair to administer the medicines he had made, and to see them fairly swallowed.—Sheelah, whose conscience was easy on this point, contented herself with giving him a strict charge to "take every bottle to the last drop." All she insisted upon for her own part was, that she must tie the charm round his neck and arm. She would fain have removed the dressings of the wound to substitute plaisters of her own, over which she had pronounced

certain prayers or incantations: but Moriarty, who had seized and held fast one good principle of surgery, that the air must never be let into the wound, held mainly to this maxim, and all Sheelah could obtain was permission to clap on her charmed plaister over the dressing.

In due time, or as king Corny triumphantly observed, in "a wonderful short period," Moriarty got quite well, long before the king's gout was cured, even with the assistance of the black hellebore of the ancients.—King Corny was so well pleased with his patient for doing such credit to his medical skill, that he gave him and his family a cabin, and spot of land, in the Islands—a cabin near the palace—and at Harry's request made him his wood-ranger and his gamekeeper, the one a lucrative place—the other a sinecure.

Master Harry—Prince Harry, was now looked up to as a person all powerful with *the master*, and petitions and

requests to speak for them,—to speak just one word, came pouring from all sides; but however enviable his situation as favourite and prince presumptive might appear to others, it was not in all respects comfortable to himself.

Formerly, when a boy, in his visits to the Black Islands, he used to have a little companion of whom he was fond—Dora—king Corny's daughter. Missing her much, he inquired from her father where she was gone, and when she was likely to return.

" She is gone off to the *continent*, to the continent of Ireland, that is; but not banished for any misdemeanour. You know," said king Corny, " 'tis generally considered as a punishment in the Black Islands to be banished to Ireland. A threat of that kind I find sufficient to bring the most refractory and ill-disposed of my subjects, if I had any of that desctiption, to rason in the last resort; but to that ultimate law I have not recourse,

except in extreme cases: I understand my business of king too well to wear out either shame or fear; but you are no legislator yet, prince Harry. So what was you asking me about Dora? She is only gone a trip to the continent, to her aunt's, by the mother's side, Miss O'Faley, that you never saw, to get the advantage of a dancing-master, which myself don't think she wants,—a natural carriage, with native graces, being, in my unsophisticated opinion, worth all the dancing-master's positions, contorsions, or drillings; but her aunt's of a contrary opinion, and the women say it is essential. —So let 'em put Dora in the stocks, and punish her as they will, she'll be the gladder to get free, and fly back from their continent to her own Black Islands, and to you and me—that is to me—I ax your pardon, Harry Ormond; for you know, or I should tell you in time, she is engaged already to White Connal, of Glynn—from her birth. That engage-

'ment I made with the father over a bowl of punch—I promised—I'm afraid it was a foolish business—He had two sons, twins at that time, and I had no daughter—but I promised, if ever I should have one—and I had one unluckily ten years after, which is Dora—I promised, I say, and took my oath, I'd give the daughter in marriage to Connal of Glynn's *eldest son*, which is White Connal. Well, it was altogether a rash act! —So you'll consider her as a married woman, though she is but a child—It was a rash act, between you and I—for Connal's not grown up a likely lad for the girl to fancy; but that's neither here nor there; no—my word is passed—when half drunk may be—but no matter—it must be kept sober—drunk or sober, a gentleman must keep his word—*a fortiori* a king—*a fortiori* king Corny—See!—was there this minute no such thing as parchment, deed, stamp, signature, or seal in the wide world, when once Corny

has squeezed a friend's hand on a bargain, or a promise, 'tis fast, was it ever so much against me—'tis as strong to me as if I had squeezed all the lawyers' wax in the creation upon it."

Ormond admired the honourable sentiment; but was sorry there was any occasion for it—and he sighed; but it was a sigh of pity for Dora—not that he had ever seen White Connal, or known any thing of him; but *White Connal* did not sound well, and her father's avowal that it had been a rash engagement did not seem to promise happiness to Dora in this marriage.

From the time he had been a boy, Harry Ormond had been in the habit of ferrying over to the Black Islands, whenever Sir Ulick could spare him. The hunting and shooting, and the life of lawless freedom he led on the Islands, had been delightful. King Corny, who had the command not only of boats, and of guns, and of fishing tackle, and of men,

but of carpenters' tools, and of smiths' tools; and of a lathe, and of brass and ivory; and of all the things, that the heart of boy could desire; had appeared to Harry, when he was a boy, the richest, the greatest, the happiest of men.—The cleverest too—the most ingenious:—for king Corny had with his own hands made a violin and a rat-trap; and had made the best coat, and the best pair of shoes, and the best pair of boots, and the best hat; and had knit the best pair of stockings, and had made the best dung-hill in his dominions; and had made a quarter of a yard of fine lace, and had painted a panorama. No wonder that king Corny had been looked up to by the imagination of childhood, as "a personage, high as human veneration could look."

But now, although our hero was still but a boy in many respects, yet in consequence of his slight commerce with the world, he had formed some com-

parisons, and made some reflections. He had heard, accidentally, the conversation of a few people of common sense, besides the sly, witty, and satirical remarks of Sir Ulick, upon *Cousin Cornelius*; and it had occurred to Harry to question the utility and real grandeur of some of those things, which had struck his childish imagination. —For example, he began to doubt, whether it were worthy of a king, or a gentleman, to be his own shoemaker, hatter, and taylor; whether it were not better managed in society, where these things are performed by different tradesmen; still the things were wonderful, considering who made them, and under what disadvantages they were made; but Harry having now seen and compared Corny's violin with other violins, and having discovered that so much better could be had for money, with so much less trouble, his admiration had a little decreased. There were other points relative to external appearance, on which his eyes

had been opened. In his boyish days, king Corny, going out to hunt with hounds and horn, followed with shouts by all who could ride, and all who could run, king Corny hallooing the dogs, and cheering the crowd, appeared to him the greatest, the happiest of mankind.

But he had since seen hunts in a very different style, and he could no longer admire the rabble rout.

Human creatures, especially young human creatures, are apt to swing suddenly from one extreme to the other, and utterly to despise that which they had extravagantly admired. From this propensity, Ormond was in the present instance guarded by affection and gratitude. Through all the folly of his kingship, he saw that Cornelius O'Shane was not a person to be despised. He was indeed a man of great natural powers, both of body and mind;—of inventive genius, energy, and perseverance, which

might have attained the greatest objects; though from insufficient knowledge, and self-sufficient perversity, they had wasted themselves on absurd or trivial purposes.

There was a strong contrast between the characters of Sir Ulick, and his cousin Cornelius O'Shane. They disliked and despised each other: differing as far in natural disposition, as the subtle and the bold, their whole course through life, and the habits contracted during their progress, had widened the original difference.

The one living in the world, and mixing continually with men of all ranks and characters, had, by bending easily, and being all things to all men, won his courtier-way onwards and upwards to the possession of a seat in Parliament, and the prospect of a peerage.

The other, inhabiting a remote island, secluded from all men but those over whom he *reigned*, caring for no earthly consideration, and for no human opinion

but his own—had *for* himself, and *by* himself, hewed out his way to his own objects—and then rested, satisfied—

> "Lord of himself, and all his *(little)* world his own."

CHAPTER VI.

ONE morning, when Harry Ormond was out shooting, and king Corny, who had recovered tolerably from the gout, was re-instated in his arm-chair in the parlour, listening to father Jos reading "The Dublin Evening Post," a gossoon, one of the runners of the Castle, opened the door, and putting in his curly red head and bare feet, announced, *in all haste*, that *he* "*just seen* Sir Ulick O'Shane in the boat, crossing the lake for the Black Islands."

"Well, breathless blockhead! and what of that?" said king Corny, "did you never see a man in a boat before?"

"I did, plase your honour."

"Then what is there extraordinary?"

"Nothing at all, plase your honour, only—thought your honour might like to know."

"Then you thought wrong, for I neither like it, nor mislike it.—I don't care a rush about the matter—so take yourself down stairs."

"'Tis a long time," said the priest, as the gossoon closed the door after him; "'tis a longer time than he ought, since Sir Ulick O'Shane paid his respects here, even in the shape of a morning visit."

"Morning visit!" repeated Mrs. Betty Dunshauglin, the housekeeper, who entered the room, for she was a privileged person, and had *les grandes & les petites entrées* in this palace—"Morning visit!—are you sure, father Jos—are you clear he isn't come, intending to stay dinner?"

"What, in the devil's name, Betty, does it signify?" said the king.

"About the dinner!" said Betty.

"What about it?" said Corny, proud-

ly; "whether he comes, stays, or goes, I'll not have a scrap, or an iota of it changed," added he in a despotic tone.

"*Wheugh!*" said Betty, "one would not like to have a dinner of scraps—for there's nothing else to-day for him."

"Then if there *is* nothing else, there *can* be nothing else," said the priest, very philosophically.

"But when strangers come to dine, one would make a bit of an exertion, if one could," said Betty.

"It's his own fault to be a stranger," said father Jos, watching his majesty's clouding countenance; then whispering to Betty, "that was a faulty string you touched upon, Mrs. Betty, and can't you make out your dinner without saying any thing?"

"A person may speak in this house, I suppose, besides the clergy, father Jos," said Mrs. Betty, under her breath.

Then looking out of the window, she added, "he's half-way over the lake, and

he'll make his own apologies good, I'll engage, when he comes in; for he knows how to speak for himself as well as any gentleman—and I don't doubt but he'll get my Micky made an exciseman, as he promised to;—and sure he has a good right—Isn't he a cousin of king Corny's—wherefore I'd wish to have all things proper.—So I'll step out and kill a couple of chickens—won't I?"

"Kill what you please," said king Corny; "but without my warrant, nothing killed or unkilled shall come up to my table this day—and that's enough—No more reasoning—quit the subject and the room, Betty."

Betty quitted the room; but every stair, as she descended to the kitchen, could bear witness, that she did not quit the subject; and for an hour afterwards, she reasoned against the obstinacy and folly of man, and the chorus in the kitchen moralized, in conformity and commiseration—in vain.

Meantime father Jos, though he regretted the exertions which Mrs. Betty might discreetly have made in favour of a good dinner, was by no means, as he declared, a friend or *fauterer* of Sir Ulick O'Shane's—how could he, when Sir Ulick had recanted?—The priest looked with horror upon the apostacy;—the king with contempt, upon the desertion of his party. "Was he sincere any way I'd honour him," said Cornelius, "or forgive him;—but, not to be ripping up old grievances when there's no occasion, I can't forgive the way he is at this present double-dealing with poor Harry Ormond—cajoling the grateful heart, and shirking the orphan boy that he took upon him to patronize.—Why there I thought nobly of him, and forgave him all his sins, for the generous protection he afforded the son of his friend."

"Had Captain Ormond, the father, no fortune?" asked the priest.

"Only a trifle of three hundred a

year, and no provision for the education or maintenance of the boy. Ulick's fondness for him, more than all, shewed him capable of the disinterested *touch*; but then to belie his own heart—to abandon him he bred a favourite, just when the boy wants him most—Oh! how could he? And all for what? To please the wife he hates—that can't be—that's only the ostensible—but what the raal rason is I can't guess.—No matter, he'll soon tell us."

"Tell us, Oh! no!" said the priest, "he'll keep his own secret."

"He'll let it out, I'll engage, trying to hide it," said Corny: "like all cunning people, he *woodcocks* — hides his head, and forgets his body can be seen. But hark! he is coming up.—Tommy!" said he, turning to a little boy of five years old, who was playing about in the room, "hand me that whistle you're whistling with, till I see what's the matter with it for you."

King Corny seemed lost in examination of the whistle, when Sir Ulick entered the room;—and after receiving and seating him with proud courtesy, he again returned to the charge, blowing through the whistle, earnestly dividing his observation between Sir Ulick and little Tommy, and asking questions, by turns, about the whistle, and about all at Castle Hermitage.

"Where's my boy? Where's Harry Ormond?" was the first leading question Sir Ulick asked.

"Harry Ormond's out shooting, I believe, some where or some how, taking his pleasure, as I hope he will long, and always as long as he likes it, at the Black Islands; at least, as long as I live."

Sir Ulick branched off into hopes of his cousin Cornelius's living long, very long; and in general terms, that were intended to avoid committing himself, or pinning himself to any thing, he protested, that he must not be robbed of his boy, that he

had always, with good reason, been jealous of Harry's affection for king Corny, and that he could not consent to let his term of stay at the Black Islands be either as long as Harry himself should like, or during what he hoped would be the life of his cousin, Cornelius O'Shane.

"There's something wrong, still, in this whistle.—Why, if you loved him so, did you let him go when you had him?" said Corny.

"He thought it necessary, for domestic reasons," replied Sir Ulick.

"*Continental* policy, that is, what I never understood, nor never shall;" said Corny. "But I don't enquire any farther. If you are satisfied with yourself, we are all satisfied, I believe."

"Pardon me, I cannot be satisfied without seeing Harry this morning, for I've a little business with him—will you have the goodness to send for him?"

Father Jos, who, from the window, saw Harry's dog snuffing along the path

to the wood, thought he could not be far from the house, and went to make enquiries;--and now when Sir Ulick and king Corny were left alone together, a dialogue—a sort of single combat, without any object but to try each other's powers and temper, ensued between them; in which the one on the offensive came on with a tomahawk, and the other stood on the defensive parrying with a polished blade of Damascus; and sometimes, when the adversary was off his guard, making a sly cut at an exposed part.

"What are you so busy about?" said Sir Ulick.

"Mending the child's toy," said Cornelius—"A man must be doing something in this world."

"But a man of your ingenuity! 'tis a pity it should be wasted, as I have often said, upon mere toys."

"Toys of one sort or other we are all taken up with through life, from the cradle to the grave. By the bye, I give

you joy of your baronetage. I hope they did not make you pay now too much in conscience for that poor tag of nobility."

"These things are not always matters of bargain and sale—mine was quite an unsolicited honour, a mark of approbation and acceptance of my poor services, and as such, gratifying;—as to the rest, believe me, it was not, if I must use so coarse an expression, *paid* for."

"Not paid for—what then it's owing for? To be paid for, still? Well, that's too hard, after all you've done for them. But some men have no manner of conscience. At least, I hope you paid the fees."

"The fees of course—but we shall never understand one another," said Sir Ulick.

"Now what will be the next title or string you look forward to, Ulysses, may I ask? Is it to be Baron Castle Hermitage, or to get a ribbon, or a garter, or a thistle, or what?—A thistle! What asses some men are!"

What savages some men are, thought Sir Ulick—he walked to the window, and looking out, hoped that Harry Ormond would soon make his appearance.

"You are doing, or undoing, a great deal here, cousin Cornelius, I see, as usual."

"Yes, but what I am doing, stand or fall, will never be my undoing; I am no speculator. How do your silver mines go on, Sir Ulick? I hear all the silver mines in Ireland turn out to be lead."

"I wish they did," said Sir Ulick, "for then we could turn all our lead to gold. Those silver mines certainly did not pay —I've a notion you found the same with your reclaimed bog here, cousin Cornelius—I understand, that after a short time it relapses, and is worse than ever, like most things pretending to be reclaimed."

"Speak for yourself, there, Sir Ulick," said Cornelius; "you ought to know certainly, for some thirty years ago, I

think you pretended to be a reclaimed rake."

"I don't remember it," said Sir Ulick.

"I do, and so would poor Emmy Annaly, if she was alive, which it's fortunate for her she is not—(broken hearted angel, if ever there was one, by wedlock! and the only one of the Annalys I ever liked)" said Cornelius to himself, in a low leisurely voice of soliloquy. Then resuming his conversation tone, and continuing his speech to Sir Ulick—

"I say you pretended thirty year ago, I remember, to be a reformed rake, and looked mighty smooth and plausible—and promised fair that the improvement was solid, and was to last for ever and a day. —But six months after marriage comes a relapse, and the reclaimed rake's worse than ever. Well, to be sure, that's in favour of your opinion against all things pretending to be reclaimed. But see, my poor bog, without promising so well performs better, for it's six years instead

of six months, that I've seen no tendency to relapse. See, the *cattle* upon it speak for themselves; an honest calf won't lie for any man."

"I give you joy of the success of your improvements.——I admire, too, your ploughing team and ploughing tackle," said Sir Ulick, with an ironical smile.—"You don't go into any indiscreet expense for farming implements or prize cattle."

"No," said Cornelius, "I don't prize the prize cattle; the best prize a man can get, and the only one worth having, is, that which he must give himself, or not get, and of which he is the best judge at all sasons."

"What prize, may I ask?"

"You may ask—and I'll answer—the prize of *success*—And, success to myself, I have it."

"And succeeding in all your ends by such noble means must be doubly gratifying—and is doubly commendable and surprising,"—said Sir Ulick.

"May I ask—for its my turn now to play ignoramus—May I ask, what noble means excites this gratuitous commendation and surprise?"

"I commend, in the first place, the economy of your ploughing tackle—hay ropes, hay traces, and hay halters—doubly useful and convenient for harness and food."—

Corny replied—"Some people, I know, think the most expensive harness and tackle, and the most expensive ways of doing every thing the best—But I don't know if that is the way for the poor to grow rich—It may be the way for the rich to grow poor—We are all poor people in the Black Islands, and I can't afford, or think it good policy, to give the example of extravagant new ways of doing old things."

"'Tis a pity you don't continue the old Irish style of ploughing by the tail," said Sir Ulick.

"That is against humanity to brute *bastes*, which, without any sickening pa-

laver of sentiment, I practise. Also, its against an act of parliament, which I regard sometimes—that is, when I understand them; which, the way you parliament gentlemen draw them up, is not always particularly intelligible to plain common sense, and I have no lawyers here, thank Heaven! to consult; I am forced to be legislator, and lawyer, and ploughman, and all, you see, the best I can for myself."

He opened the window, and called to give some orders to the man, or, as he called him, the boy—a boy of sixty—who was ploughing.

"Your team, I see, is worthy of your tackle," pursued Sir Ulick. "A mule, a bull, and two lean horses,—I pity the foremost poor devil of a horse, who must starve in the midst of plenty, while the horse, bull, and even mule, in a string behind him, are all plucking and *munging* away at their hay ropes."

Cornelius joined in Sir Ulick's laugh, which shortened its duration.

" 'Tis comical ploughing, I grant," said he, " but still, to my fancy, any thing's better and more profitable *nor* the tragi-comic ploughing you practise every sason in Dublin."

" I?" said Sir Ulick.

" Aye, you, and all you courtiers, *ploughing the half acre** continually, pacing up and down that Castle yard, while you're waiting in attendance there. Every one to his taste, but—

' If there's a man on earth I hate,
' Attendance and dependance be his fate.' "

" After all, I have very good prospects in life," said Sir Ulick.

" Aye, you've been always living on prospects; for my part, I'd rather have a mole-hill in possession, than a mountain in prospect."

" Cornelius, what are you doing here to the roof of your house?" said Sir

* *Ploughing the half acre.* The English reader will please to enquire the meaning of this phrase from any Irish courtier.

Ulick, striking off to another subject. "What a vast deal of work you do contrive to cut out for yourself."

"I'd rather cut it out for myself, than have any body to cut it out for me," said Cornelius.

"Upon my word, this will require all your extraordinary ingenuity, cousin."

"Oh, I'll engage I'll make a good job of it, in my sense of the word, though not in yours; for I know, in your vocabulary, that's only a good job where you pocket money, and do nothing; now my good jobs never bring me in a farthing, and give me a great deal to do into the bargain."

"I don't envy you such jobs, indeed," said Sir Ulick; "and are you sure that at last you make them good jobs in any acceptation of the term?"

"Sure! a man's never sure of any thing in this world, but of being abused. But one comfort, my own conscience, for which I've a trifling respect, can't

reproach me; since my jobs, good or bad, have cost my poor country nothing."

On this point Sir Ulick was particularly sore, for he had the character of being one of the greatest *jobbers* in Ireland. With a face of much political prudery, which he well knew how to assume, he began to exculpate himself. He confessed that much public money had passed through his hands; but he protested that none of it had stayed with him. No man, who had done so much for different administrations, had been so ill paid——

"Why the deuce do you work for them, then?—You won't tell me it's for love—Have you got any character by it?—if you haven't profit, what have you? I would not let them make me a dupe, or may-be something worse, if I was you," said Cornelius, looking him full in the face.

"Savage!" said Sir Ulick again to

himself.—The tomahawk was too much for him—Sir Ulick felt that it was fearful odds, to stand fencing according to rule with one who would not scruple to gouge or scalp, if provoked. Sir Ulick now stood silent—smiling forced smiles, and looking on while Cornelius played quite at his ease with little Tommy, blew shrill blasts through the whistle, and boasted "that he had made a good job of that whistle any way."

Harry Ormond, to Sir Ulick's great relief, now appeared. Sir Ulick advanced to meet him with an air of cordial friendship, which brought the honest flush of pleasure and gratitude into the young man's face, who darted a quick look at Cornelius, as much as to say,—

"You see you were wrong—he is glad to see me—he is *come* to see me."

Cornelius said nothing, but stroaked the child's head, and seemed taken up entirely with him; Sir Ulick spoke of

Lady O'Shane, and of his hopes that prepossessions were wearing off—"If Miss Black were out of the way, things would all go right, but she is one of the mighty good—too good ladies, who are always meddling with other people's business, and making mischief."

Harry, who hated her, that is, as much as he could hate any body, railed at her vehemently, saying more against her than he thought, and concluded, by joining in Sir Ulick's wish for her departure from Castle Hermitage, but not with any view to his own return thither. On that point he was quite resolute and steady—"He would never," he said, "be the cause of mischief. Lady O'Shane did not like him,—why, he did not know, and had no right to enquire—and was too proud to enquire, if he had a right. It was enough that her ladyship had proved to him her dislike, and refused him protection at his utmost need,—he should never again sue for

her hospitality. He declared, that Sir Ulick should no more be disquieted by his being an inmate at Castle Hermitage."

Sir Ulick became more warm and eloquent in dissuading him from this resolution, the more he perceived that Ormond was positively fixed in his determination.

The cool looker on all the time remarked this, and Cornelius was convinced, that he had from the first been right in his own opinion, that Sir Ulick was "*shirking the boy.*"

"And where's Marcus, Sir? would not he come with you to see us?" said Ormond.

"Marcus is gone off to England. He bid me give you his kindest love; he was hurried, and regretted he could not come to take leave of you; but he was obliged to go off with the Annalys, to escort her ladyship to England, where he will remain this year, I dare

say.—I am much concerned to say, that poor Lady Annaly and Miss Annaly"— Sir Ulick cleared his throat, and gave a suspicious look at Ormond ——

This glance at Harry, the moment Sir Ulick pronounced the words *Miss Annaly*, first directed aright the attention of Cornelius —

"Lady Annaly and Miss Annaly! are they ill? What's the matter, for Heaven's sake?" exclaimed Harry, with great anxiety; but pronouncing both the ladies' names precisely in the same tone, and with the same freedom of expression.

Sir Ulick took breath—"Neither of the ladies are ill—absolutely ill—but they have both been greatly shocked by accounts of young Annaly's sudden illness. It is feared an inflammation upon his lungs, brought on by violent cold—his mother and sister left us this morning—set off for England to him immediately. Lady Annaly thought of you

Harry, my boy—you must be a prodigious favourite—in the midst of all her affliction, and the hurry of this sudden departure, this morning, she gave me a letter for you, which I determined to deliver with my own hands."

While he spoke, Sir Ulick, affecting to search for the letter among many in his pocket, studied with careless intermitting glances our young hero's countenance, and Cornelius O'Shane studied Sir Ulick's: Harry tore open the letter eagerly, and coloured a good deal when he saw the inside.

"I have no business here reading that boy's secrets in his face," cried Cornelius O'Shane, raising himself on his crutches, "I'll step out and look at my roof—Will you come, Sir Ulick, and see how the *job* goes on? His crutch slipped as he stepped across the hearth; Harry ran to him—"Oh, Sir, what are you doing? You are not able to walk yet without me: Why are you going? secrets, did

you say?"—(The words recurred to his ear)—" "I have no secrets—there's no secrets in this letter—it's only—the reason I looked foolish was that here's a list of my own faults, which I made like a fool, and dropped like a fool—but they could not have fallen into better or kinder hands than Lady Annaly's."

He offered the letter and its inclosure to Cornelius and Sir Ulick. Cornelius drew back—" I don't want to see the list of your faults, man," said he, " do you think I haven't them all by heart already; and as to the lady's letter, while you live never shew a lady's letter."

Sir Ulick, without ceremony, took the letter, and in a moment satisfying his curiosity that it was merely a friendly note, returned it and the list of his faults to Harry, saying, " If it had been a young lady's letter I am sure you would not have shewn it to me, Harry, nor, of course, would I have looked at it.

But I presumed that a letter from old Lady Annaly could only be, what I see it is, very *edifying*."

"Old Lady Annaly, is it?" cried Cornelius: "Oh, then, there's no indiscretion, young man, in the case. You might as well scruple about your mother's letter, if you had one; or your mother-in-law, which, to be sure, you'll have, I hope, in due course of nature."

At the sound of the words mother-in-law a cloud passed over Sir Ulick's brow, not unnoticed by the shrewd Cornelius; but the cloud passed away quickly, after Sir Ulick had darted another reconnoitring glance on Harry's open unconscious countenance.

"All's safe," said Sir Ulick to himself, as he took leave.

"*Woodcocked!* that he has; as I foresaw he would;" cried king Corny, the moment his guest had departed. "*Woodcocked!* if ever man did, by all that's cunning."

CHAPTER VII.

KING Corny sat for some minutes after Sir Ulick's departure, perfectly still and silent, leaning both hands and his chin on his crutch. Then, looking up at Harry, he exclaimed —

"What a dupe you are! but I like you the better for it."

"I am glad you like me the better, at all events," said Harry; "but I don't think I am a dupe."

"No—if you *did* you would not be one: so you don't see that it was, and *is* Sir Ulick, and not her ladyship, that wanted, and wants to get rid of you?"

No, Harry did not see this, and would not be persuaded of it. He defended his

guardian most warmly; he was certain of Sir Ulick's affection; he was sure Sir Ulick was incapable of acting with such duplicity.

His majesty repeated, at every pause, "you are a dupe; but I like you the better for it." And, added he, "you don't,—blind buzzard! as your want of conceit makes you—for which I like you the better too—you don't see the reason why he banished you from Castle Hermitage—you don't see that he is jealous of your rivalling that puppy Marcus his son."

"Rivalling Marcus in what, or how?"

"*With* whom? boy, is the question you should ask, and in that case the answer is—Dunce, can't you guess now?—Miss Annaly."

"Miss Annaly!" repeated Harry with genuine surprise, and with a quick sense of inferiority and humiliation. "Oh, Sir! you would not be so illnatured as to make a jest of me?—I know how

ignorant, how unformed, what a raw boy I am. Marcus has been educated like a gentleman."

"More shame for his father that couldn't do the same by you when he was about it."

"But Marcus, Sir—there ought to be a difference—Marcus is heir to a large fortune—I have nothing—Marcus may hope to marry whoever he pleases."

"Aye, whoever he *pleases*; and who will that be, if women are of my mind?" muttered Corny. "I'll engage, if you had a mind to rival him—"

"Rival him! the thought of rivalling my friend never entered my head."

"But is he your friend?" said Cornelius.

"As to that—I don't know—he was my friend, and I loved him sincerely—warmly—he has cast me off—I shall never complain—never blame him directly or indirectly—but don't let me be accused or suspected unjustly—I never

for one instant had the treachery, presumption, folly, or madness, to think of Miss Annaly."

"Nor she of you, I suppose you'll swear."

"Nor she of me! assuredly not, Sir," said Harry, with surprise at the idea. "Do you consider what I am—and what she is?"

"Well, I am glad they are gone to England out of the way!" said Cornelius.

"I am very sorry for that," said Harry, "for I have lost a kind friend in Lady Annaly—one who at least I might have hoped would have become my friend, if I had deserved it."

"*Might have hoped—Would have become*—that's a friend in the air, who may never be found on earth. *If you deserved it!*—Murder!—who knows how that might turn out—*if*—I don't like that kind of subjunctive mood tenure of a friend. Give me the good imparative

mood, which I understand—be my friend —at once—or not at all—that's my mood. None of your *if* friends for me, setting out with a proviso and an excuse to be off; and may be when you'd call upon 'em at your utmost need—Oh! I said *if* you deserve it—Lie there like a dog. Now, what kind of a friend is that? If Lady Annaly is that sort, no need to regret her. My compliments to her, and a good journey to England—Ireland well rid of her! and so are you too, my boy!"

"But, dear Sir, how you have worked yourself up into a passion against Lady Annaly for nothing."

"It's not for nothing—I've good *ra*son to dislike the woman—what business had she, because she's an old woman and you a young man, to set up preaching to you about your faults. I hate pr*a*chers, feminine gender especially."

"She is no preacher, I assure you, Sir."

"How dare you tell me that—was not her letter very *edifying?* Sir Ulick said."

"No, Sir; it was very kind—will you read it?"

"No, Sir, I won't; I never read an edifying letter in my life with my eyes open, nor never will—quite enough for me that impertinent list of your faults she inclosed you."

"That list was my own, not hers, Sir: I dropped it under a tree."

"Well, drop it into the fire now, and no more about it. Pray, after all, Harry, for curiosity's sake, what faults have you?"

"Dear Sir, I thought you told me you knew them by heart."

"I always forget what I learn by heart; put me in mind, and may be I'll recollect as you go on."

"Well, Sir, in the first place I am terribly passionate."

"Passionate! true; that is Moriarty you are thinking of, and I grant you,

that had like to have been a sad job—you had a squeak for your life there, and I pitied you as if it had been myself, for I know what it is after one of them blind rages is over, and one opens one's eyes on the wrong one has done—and then such a cursed feel to be penitent in vain—for that sets no bones. You were blind drunk that night, and that was my fault; but my late vow has prevented the future, and Moriarty's better in the world than ever he was."

"Thanks to your goodness, Sir."

"Oh! I wasn't thinking of my goodness—little enough that same; but to ease your conscience, it was certainly the luckiest turn ever happened him the shot he got, and so he says himself. Never think of that more in the way of penitence."

"In the way of reformation though, I hope, I shall all my life," said Harry. "One comfort! I have never been in a passion since."

"But then—a rasonable passion's allowable—I wouldn't give a farthing for a man that could'nt be in a passion on a proper occasion. I'm passionate myself, rasonably passionate, and I like myself the better for it."

"I thought you said just now, you often repented."

"Oh! never mind what I said *just now*—mind what I'm saying now—Isn't a red heat that you can see, and that warms you, better than a white heat that blinds you? I'd rather a man would knock me down, than stand smiling at me, as cousin Ulick did just now, when I know he could have kilt me; he is not passionate—he has the command of himself—every feature under the courtier's regimen of hypocrisy. Harry Ormond, don't set about to cure yourself of your natural passions—why, this is rank methodism! all—"

"Methodism, Sir?"

"*Methodism,* Sir!—don't contradict

or repeat me—methodism that the woman has brought you to the brink of, and I warn you from it! I did not know till now that your Lady Annaly was such a methodist—No methodist shall ever darken my doors, or lighten them either, with their *new lights*. New lights! new nonsense!—for man, woman, or beast. But enough of this, and too much, Harry. Prince Harry, pull that bell a dozen times for me this minute, till they bring out my old horse."

Before it was possible that any one could have come up stairs, the impatient monarch, pointing with his crutch, added, "Run to the head of the stairs, prince Harry dear, and call, screech to them to make no delay; and I want you out with me, so get your horse, Harry."

"But, Sir—is it possible—are you able—"

"I am able, Sir, possible or not," cried king Corny, starting up on his crutches. "Don't stand talking to me of possibili-

ties, when 'tis a friend I am going to serve, and that friend as dear as yourself. Aren't you at the head of the stairs yet?" Must I go and fall down them myself?"

To prevent this catastrophe, our young hero ran immediately and ordered the horses; his majesty mounted, or rather was mounted, and they proceeded to one of the prettiest farms in the Black Islands. As they rode to it, he seemed pleased by Harry's admiring, as he could, with perfect truth, the beauty of the situation.

"And the land—which you are no judge of yet, but you will—is as good as it is pretty," said king Corny, "which I am glad of for your sake, prince Harry; I won't have you, like that *donny* English prince or king, they nick-named *Lackland*. —No: you sha'n't lack land while I have it to let or give.—I called you prince—prince of the Black Islands—and here's your principality.—Call out my prime minister, Pat Moore.—I sent him across

the bog to meet us at Moriarty's.—Here he is, and Moriarty along with him to welcome you.—Patrick, give prince Harry possession—with sod and twig—Here's the kay from my own hand, and I give you joy.—Nay, don't deny me the pleasure—I've a right to it.—No wrong to my daughter, if that's what you are thinking of,—a clear improvement of my own,—and she will have enough without it.—Besides, her betrothed White Connal is a fat grazier, who will make her as rich as a Jew;—and any way she is as generous as a princess herself.—But if it pains you so, and weighs you down, as I see it does, to be under any obligation—you shall be under none in life.—You shall pay me rent for it, and you shall give it up whenever you please.—Well! we'll settle that between ourselves," continued his majesty, "only take possession, that's all I ask. But I hope," added he, "before we've lived a year, or whatever time it is till you arrive at years of discretion,

you'll know me well enough, and love me well enough, not to be so stiff about a trifle, that's nothing between friend and friend—let alone the joke of king and prince, dear Harry."

The gift of this *principality* proved a most pernicious, nearly a fatal gift to the young prince. The generosity, the delicacy, with which it was made, a delicacy worthy of the most polished, and little to have been expected from the barbarian mock-monarch, so touched our young hero's heart, so subjected his grateful spirit to his benefactor, that he thenceforth not only felt bound to king Corny for life, but prone to deem every thing he did or thought wisest, fittest, best.—Besides this sentiment of gratitude, there arose, in consequence of this gift, a number of other feelings,—observe, he was still a creature governed by *feeling*—not guided by reason.

When he was invested with his petty principality, it was expected of him to

give a dinner and a dance to the island,—so he gave a dinner and a dance, and every body said he was a fine fellow, and had the spirit of a prince.—" King Corny, God bless him, couldn't go astray in his choice of a favourite—long life to him and prince Harry,—and no doubt there'd be fine hunting, and shooting, and coursing continually.—Well, was not it a happy thing for the islands, when Harry Ormond first set foot on them?—From a boy 'twas *asy* to see what a man he'd be.—Long may he live to *reign* over us."

The taste for vulgar praise grew by that it fed upon.—Harry was in great danger of forgetting, that he was too fond of flattery,—and too fond of company—not the best.—He excused himself to himself, by saying that companions of some kind or other he must have, and he was in a situation where good company was not to be had.—Then Moriarty Carroll was gamekeeper, and Moriarty Carroll was always out hunting

or shooting with him, and he was led by kind and good feelings to be more familiar and *free* with this man, than he would have been with any other in the same rank of life. The poor fellow was ardently attached to him, and repeated, with delight, all the praises he heard of Master Harry, through *the Islands.* The love of popularity seized him—popularity on the lowest scale!—To be popular among the unknown, unheard of inhabitants of the Black Islands,—could this be an object to any man of common sense, any one who had lived in civilized society, and who had had any thing like the education of a gentleman? The fact, argue about it as you will—the fact was as is here stated; and let those who hear it with a disdainful smile, recollect, that whether in Paris, London, or the Black Islands, the mob are, in all essential points, pretty nearly the same.

It happened about this time, that

Betty Dunshauglin was rummaging in her young lady's work-basket for some ribbon, "which she knew she might take," to dress a cap that was to be hung upon a pole as a prize, to be danced for at the *pattern**, to be given next Monday at Ormond Vale, by Prince Harry. Prince Harry was now standing by, giving some instructions about the ordering of the entertainment; Betty, in the mean time, pursued her own object of the ribbon, and as she emptied the basket in haste, threw out a book, which Harry, though not much at this time addicted to reading, snatched impatiently, eager to know what book it was: it was one he had often heard of—often intended to read some time or other, but somehow or other he had never had time: and now he was in the greatest possible hurry, for

* *Patron*, probably—an entertainment held in honour of the *patron* saint. A festive meeting, similar to a wake in England.

the hounds were out. But when once he had opened the book, he could not shut it; he turned over page after page, peeped at the end, the beginning, and the middle, then back to the beginning: was diverted by the humour—every Irishman loves humour,—delighted with the wit—What Irishman is not?—And his curiosity was so much raised by the story; his interest and sympathy so excited for the hero, that he read on, standing for a quarter of an hour, fixed in one and the same position, while Betty held forth unheard, about cap, supper, and *pattern*. At last he carried off the book to his own room, that he might finish it in peace; nor did he ever stop till he came to the end of the volume. The story not finishing there, and breaking off in a most interesting part, he went in search of the next volume, but that was not to be found. His impatience was ravenous.

"Mercy, Master Harry," cried Mrs. Betty, "don't eat one up! I know no-

thing at all—at all about the book, and I'm very sorry I tumbled it out of the basket. That's all there is of it—to be had high or low,—so don't be tormenting me any more out of my life, for nothing."

But having seized upon her, he refused to let her go, and protested, that he would continue to be the torment of her life, till she should find the other volume.—Betty, when her memory was thus racked, put her hand to her forehead, and recollected, that in *the apple-room* there was a heap of old books. Harry possessed himself of the key of the apple-room, tossed over the heap of tattered mouldy books, and at last found the precious volume. He devoured it eagerly—nor was it forgotten as soon as finished. As the chief part of the entertainment depended on the characters, it did not fade from his imagination. He believed the story to be true, for it was constructed with unparallelled ingenuity,

and developed with consummate art. The character which particularly interested him was that of the hero, the more peculiarly, because he saw, or fancied that he saw, a resemblance to his own; with some differences, to be sure,—but young readers readily assimilate and identify themselves with any character, the leading points of which resemble their own, and in whose general feelings they sympathise.—In some instances, Harry, as he read on, said to himself—"I would not—I could not have done so and so."—But upon the whole, he was charmed by the character —that of a warm hearted, generous, imprudent young man, with little education, no literature, governed more by feeling than by principle, never upon any occasion reasoning, but keeping right by happy moral instincts; or when going wrong, very wrong, forgiven easily by the reader and by his mistress, and rewarded at the last with all that love and fortune

can bestow, in consideration of his being —"a very fine fellow."

Closing the book, Harry Ormond resolved to be what he admired—and, if possible, to shine forth an Irish Tom Jones.—For this purpose he was not at all bound to be a moral gentleman, nor, as he conceived, to be a *gentleman* at all—not at least in the commencement of his career; he might become accomplished at any convenient period of his life, and become moral at the end of it, but he might begin by being an accomplished —blackguard. Blackguard is a harsh word;—but what other will express the idea?—Unluckily the easiest points to be imitated in any character are not always the best; and where any latitude is given to conscience, or any precedents are allowed to the grosser passions for their justification, those are the points which are afterwards remembered and applied in practice, when the moral salvo sentences are forgotten, or

are at best but of feeble countervailing effect.

At six o'clock on Monday evening, the cap,—the prize cap, flaming with red ribbons, from the top of the pole, streamed to the summer air, and delighted the upturned eyes of assembled crowds upon the green below.—The dance began, and our popular hero, the delight of all the nymphs, and the envy of all the swains, danced away with one of the prettiest, "smartest," "most likely looking" "lasses," that ever appeared at any former patron. She was a degree more refined in manner, and polished in appearance, than the fair of the Black Islands, for she came from the continent of Ireland—she had the advantage of having been sometimes at the big house at Castle Hermitage—she was the gardener's daughter—Peggy Sheridan—distinguished among her fellows by a nosegay, such as no other could have procured—distinguished more by her

figure and her face, than by her nosegay, and more by her air and motions, than even by her figure or her face—she stepped well, and stepped out—she danced an Irish jig to admiration, and she was not averse from admiration; village prudes, perhaps, might call her a village coquet; but let not this suggest a thought derogatory to the reputation of the lively Peggy. She was a well behaved, well meaning, innocent, industrious girl—a good daughter, a good sister, and more than one in the neighbourhood thought she would make a good wife. She had not only admirers, but suitors in abundance. Harry Ormond could not think of her as a wife, but he was evidently—more evidently this day than ever before, one of Peggy's admirers. His heart or his fancy was always warmly susceptible to the charms of beauty; and, never well guarded by prudence, he was now, with his head full of Tom Jones, prone to run into danger himself, and rashly

ready to hurry on an innocent girl to her destruction.—He was not without hopes of pleasing—what young man of nineteen or twenty is?—He was not without chance of *success*, as it is called, with Peggy—what woman can be pronounced safe, who ventures to extend to a young lover the encouragement of coquettish smiles?—Peggy said, "innocent smiles sure"—"meaning nothing"—but they were interpreted to mean something—less would in his present dispositions have excited the hero who imitated Tom Jones, to enterprise. Report says, that about this time, Harry Ormond was seen disguised in a slouched hat and *trusty**, wandering about the grounds at Castle Hermitage. Some swear they saw him pretending to dig in the garden; and even under the gardener's windows, seeming to be nailing up jessamine. Some would not swear, but if they might trust their own eyes, they might

* Great coat.

verily believe, and *could*, only that they would not, take their oath to having seen him once cross the lake alone by moonlight.—But without believing above half what the world says, candour obliges us to acknowledge, that there was some truth in these scandalous reports.—He certainly pursued, most imprudently "pursued the chace of youth and beauty;" nor would he, we fear, have dropped the chace till Peggy was his prey, but that *fortunately*, in the full headlong career of passion, he was suddenly startled and stopped by coming in view of an obstacle, that he could not overleap—a greater wrong than he had foreseen, at least a different wrong, and in a form that made his heart tremble. He reined in his passion, and stood appalled.

In the first hurry of that passion he had seen nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing, but that Peggy was pretty, and that he was in love. It happened one evening, that he, with a rose yet un-

faded in his hand—a rose which he had snatched from Peggy Sheridan, took the path toward Moriarty Carroll's cottage. Moriarty, seeing him from afar, came out to greet him, but when he came within sight of the rose, Moriarty's pace slackened, and turning aside, he stepped out of the path, as if to let Mr. Ormond pass.

"How now, Moriarty?" said Harry. But looking in his face, he saw the poor fellow pale as death.

"What ails you, Moriarty?"

"A pain I just took about my heart!" said Moriarty, pressing both hands to his heart.

"My poor fellow!—Wait!—you'll be better just now, I hope," said Ormond, laying his hand on Moriarty's shoulder.

"I'll never be better of it, I fear," said Moriarty, withdrawing his shoulder, and giving a jealous glance at the rose, he turned his head away again.

"I'll thank your honour to go on, and leave me—I'll be better by myself. It is not to your honour above all, that I can open my heart."

A suspicion of the truth now flashed across Ormond's mind, he was determined to know, whether it was the truth or not.

"I'll not leave you, till I know what's the matter?" said he.

"Then none will know that till I die," said Moriarty, adding, after a little pause, "there's no knowing what's wrong within side of a man, till he is opened."

"But alive, Moriarty, if the heart is in the case only," said Ormond, "a man can open himself to a friend."

"Aye, if he had a friend," said Moriarty, "I'll beg your honour to let me pass—I am able for it now—I am quite stout again."

"Then if you are quite stout again, I shall want you to row me across the lake."

"I am not able for that, Sir," replied Moriarty, pushing past him.

"But," said Ormond, catching hold of his arm, "aren't you able or willing to carry a note for me?" As he spoke, Ormond produced the note, and let him see the direction—to Peggy Sheridan.

"Sooner stab me to the heart *again*," cried Moriarty, breaking from him.

"Sooner stab myself to the heart then!" cried Ormond, tearing the note to bits. "Look Moriarty! Upon my honour, till this instant, I did not know you loved the girl—from this instant I'll think of her no more—never more will I see her, hear of her, till she be your wife."

"Wife!" repeated Moriarty, joy illuminating—but fear as instantly darkening his countenance. "How will that be now?"

"It *will* be—it shall be—as happily as honourably. Listen to me, Moriarty, as honourably now as ever. Can you think

me so wicked, so base, as to say *wife*, if— No: passion might hurry me to a rash, but of a base action I'm incapable.— Upon my soul, upon the sacred honour of a gentleman."

Moriarty sighed.

"Look!" continued Ormond, taking the rose from his breast, "this is the utmost that ever passed between us, and that was my fault: I snatched it, and thus—thus"—cried he, tearing the rose to pieces, "I scatter it to the winds of Heaven, and thus may all trace of past fancy and folly be blown from remembrance."

"Amen!" said Moriarty, watching the rose leaves for an instant, as they flew and were scattered out of sight; then, as Ormond broke the stalk to pieces, and flung it from him, he asked, with a smile,

"Is the pain about your heart gone now, Moriarty?"

"No: plase your honour, not gone;

— but a quite different — better — but worse.—So strange with me—I can't speak rightly — for the pleasure has seized me stronger than the pain."

"Lean against me, poor fellow.—Oh, if I had broken such a heart!"

"Then how wrong I was when I said that word I did," said Moriarty. "I ask your honour—your dear honour's pardon on my knees."

"For what?—For what?—You have done no wrong."

"No:—but I said wrong—very wrong —when I said stab me to the heart *again*. —Oh, that word *again*.—It was very ungenerous."

"Noble fellow!" said Ormond.

"Boys, to your supper, and a good night to your honour, kindly," said Moriarty.

"How happy am I now," said our young hero to hi self, as he walked home, "which I never should have been if I had done this wrong."

A fortunate escape!—yes: but when the escape is owing to good fortune, not to prudence; to good feeling, not to principle; there is no security for the future.

Ormond was steady to his promise toward Moriarty: to do him justice he was more than this,—he was generous, actively, perseveringly generous in his conduct to him. With open heart, open purse, public overture, and private negociation with the parents of Peggy Sheridan, he at last succeeded in accomplishing Moriarty's marriage.

Ormond's biographer may well be allowed to make the most of his persevering generosity on this occasion, because no other scrap of good can be found of which to make any thing in his favour, for several months to come. Whether Tom Jones was still too much, and Lady Annaly too little in his head, whether it was that king Corny's example and precepts were not always edifying—whether

this young man had been prepared by previous errors of example and education —or whether he fell into mischief, because he had nothing else to do in these Black Islands; certain it is, that from the operation of some or all of these causes conjointly, he deteriorated sadly.—He took to "vagrant courses," in which the muse forbears to follow him.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT is said that the Turks have a very convenient recording angel, who, without dropping a tear to blot out that which might be wished unsaid or undone, fairly shuts his eyes, and forbears to record whatever is said or done by man in three circumstances: when he is drunk, when he is in a passion, and while he is *under age*. What the *under age*, or what the years of discretion of a Turk may be, we do not at this moment recollect. We know only that our own hero is not yet twenty.—Without being quite as accommodating as the Mahometan angel, we should wish to obliterate from our record some months of Ormond's exist-

ence. He felt and was ashamed of his own degradation; but, after having lost, or worse than lost, a winter of his life, it was in vain to lament; or rather, it was not enough to weep over the loss, how to repair it was the question.

Whenever Ormond returned to his better self,—whenever he thought of improving, he remembered Lady Annaly:—and he now recollected with shame, that he had never had the grace to answer or to thank her for her letter. He had often thought of writing, but he had put it off from day to day, and now months had passed; he wrote a sad scrawling hand, and he had always been ashamed that Lady Annaly should see it; but now the larger shame got the better of the lesser, and he determined he would write. He looked for her letter, to read it over again before he answered it—the letter was very safe, for he considered it as his greatest treasure.

On recurring to the letter, he found

that she had mentioned a present of books which she intended for him:—a set of books which belonged to her son, Sir Herbert Annaly, and of which she found they had duplicates in their library. She had ordered the box, containing them, to be sent to Annaly: and had desired her agent there, to forward it; but in case any delay should occur, she begged Mr. Ormond would take the trouble to inquire for them himself. This whole affair about the books had escaped Ormond's memory: he felt himself blush all over when he read the letter again; and sent off a messenger immediately to the agent at Annaly, who had kept the box till it was inquired for. It was too heavy for the boy to carry, and he returned saying that two men would not carry it, nor four,—a slight exaggeration! A car was sent for it, and at last Harry obtained possession of the books. It was an excellent collection of what may be called the English and

French classics: the French books were, at this time, quite useless to him, for he could not read French. Lady Annaly, however, sent these books on purpose to induce him to learn a language, which, if he should go into the army, as he seemed inclined to do, would be particularly useful to him. Lady Annaly observed, that Mr. Ormond, wherever he might be in Ireland, would probably find even the priest of the parish a person who could assist him sufficiently in learning French; as most of the Irish parish priests were, at that time, educated at St. Omer's, or Louvain.

Father Jos had been at St. Omer's, and Harry resolved to attack him with a French grammar and dictionary, but the French that father Jos had learnt at St. Omer's was merely from ear, he could not bear the sight of a French grammar. Harry was obliged to work on by himself. He again put off writing to thank Lady Annaly, till he could tell her that he had

obeyed her commands; and that he could read at least a page of Gil Blas. Before this was accomplished, he learnt from the agent that Lady Annaly was in great affliction about her son, who had broken a blood-vessel. He could not think of intruding upon her at such a time—and, in short, he put it off till it seemed too late to write at all.

Among the English books was one in many volumes, which did not seize his attention forcibly, like Tom Jones, at once, but which won upon him by degrees, drew him on against his will, and against his taste. He hated moralizing and reflections; and there was here an abundance both of reflections and morality; these he skipped over, however, and went on. The hero and the heroine too were of a stiff fashion, which did not suit his taste, yet still there was something in the book, that, in spite of the terrible array of *good people*, captivated his attention. The heroine's perpetual egotism

disgusted him—she was always too good and too full of herself—and she wrote dreadfully long letters. The hero's dress and manner were too splendid, too formal, for every day use—at first he detested Sir Charles Grandison—who was so different from the friends he loved in real life, or the heroes he had admired in books; just as in old portraits, we are at first struck with the costume, but soon, if the picture be really by a master hand, our attention is fixed on the expression of the features and the life of the figure.

Sensible as Ormond was of the power of humour and ridicule, he was still more susceptible, as all noble natures are, of sympathy with elevated sentiments, and with generous character. The character of Sir Charles Grandison, in spite of his ceremonious bowing on the hand, touched the nobler feelings of our young hero's mind, inspired him with virtuous emulation, and made him ambitious to be a *gentleman* in the best and highest sense of the

word. In short it completely counteracted in his mind the effects of his late study—all the generous feelings which were so congenial to his own nature, and which he had seen combined in Tom Jones, as if necessarily, with the habits of an adventurer, a spendthrift, and a rake, he now saw united with high moral and religious principles, in the character of a man of virtue, as well as a man of honour; a man of cultivated understanding and accomplished manners. In Sir Charles Grandison's history he read that of a gentleman, who, fulfilling every duty of his station in society, eminently *useful*, respected and beloved, as brother, friend, master of a family, guardian, and head of a large estate, was admired by his own sex, and, what struck Ormond far more forcibly, loved, passionately loved by women—not by the low and profligate, but by the highest and most accomplished of the sex.

Ormond has often declared, that Sir

Charles Grandison did him more good, than any fiction he ever read in his life. Indeed, to him it appeared no fiction— while he was reading it, his imagination was so full of Clementina, and the whole Porretta family, that he saw them in his sleeping and waking dreams. The deep pathos so affected him, that he could scarcely recal his mind to the low concerns of life. Once, when king Corny called him to go out shooting—he found him with red eyes.—Harry was ashamed to tell him the cause, lest he should laugh at him. But Corny was susceptible of the same kind of enthusiasm himself; and though he had, as he said, never been regularly what is called a *reading man*, yet the books he had read, left ineffaceable traces in his memory. Fictions, if they touched him at all, struck him with all the force of reality; and he never spoke of the characters as in a book, but as if they had lived and acted. Harry was glad to find

that here again as in most things, they sympathized and suited each other.

But Corny, if ready to give sympathy, was likewise imperious in requiring it, and Harry was often obliged to make sudden transitions from his own thoughts and employments to those of his friend. These transitions, however difficult and provoking at the time, were useful discipline to his mind, giving him that versatility in which persons of powerful imagination, accustomed to live in retirement and to command their own time and occupations, are often most deficient.

At this period when our young hero was suddenly seized with a voracious appetite for books, it was trying to his patience to be frequently interrupted.

"Come, come! Harry Bookworm you are growing—no good!—come out!" cried king Corny—"Lay down whatever you have in your hand, and come

off this minute, till I show you a badger at bay, with half a dozen dogs, and defending itself in the keenest manner."

"Yes, Sir, this minute—be kind enough to wait one minute."

"It has been hiding and skulking this week from me—we have got it out of its snug hole at last. I bid them keep the dogs off till you came. Don't be waiting any longer. Come off, Harry, come! —Phoo! Phoo! That book will keep cold, and what is it? Oh! the last volume of Sir Charles, not worth troubling your eyes with. The badger is worth a hundred of it, not a pin's worth in that volume but worked stool and chairs, and china jugs and mugs. Oh! throw it from you. Come away."

Another time, at the very death of Clarissa, king Corny would have Harry out to see a Solan goose.

"Oh! let Clarissa die another time; come now, you that never saw a Solan

goose—it looks for all the world as if it wore spectacles; Moriarty says so."

Harry was carried off to see the goose in spectacles, and was pressed into the service of king Corny for many hours afterwards, to assist in searching for its eggs. One of the Black Islands was a bare, high, pointed, desart rock, in which the sea-fowl built; and here, in the highest point of rock, this Solan goose had deposited some of her eggs, instead of leaving them in nests on the ground, as she usually does. The more dangerous it was to obtain the eggs, which the bird had hidden in this pinnacle of the rock, the more eager Corny was to have them; and he, and Ormond, and Moriarty, were at this perilous work for hours. King Corny directing and bawling, and Moriarty and Ormond with pole, net, and pole-hook, swinging and leaping from one ledge of rock to another, clambering, clinging, sliding, pushing, and pulling each other alternately,

from hold to hold, with frightful precipices beneath them. As soon as Ormond had warmed to the business, he was delighted with the dangerous pursuit; but suddenly, just as he had laid his hand on the egg, and that king Corny shouted in triumph, Harry, leaping back across the cleft in the rock, missed his footing and fell, and must have been dashed to pieces, but for a sort of projecting landing place, on which he was caught, where he lay for some minutes stunned. The terror of poor Corny was such, that he could neither move nor look up, till Moriarty called out to him, that Master Harry was safe all to a sprained ancle. The fall, and the sprain, would not have been deemed worthy of a place in these memoirs of our hero, but from their consequences, —the consequences, not on his body, but on his mind. He could not for some weeks afterwards stir out, or take any bodily exercise: confined to the house, and forced to sit still, he was glad to

read, during these long hours, to amuse himself. When he had read all the novels in the collection, which were very few, he went on to other books. Even those, which were not mere works of amusement, he found more entertaining than netting fishing nets, or playing backgammon with father Jos, who was always cross when he did not win. Kind-hearted king Corny, considering always that Harry's sprain was incurred in his service, would have sat with him all day long, but this Harry would not suffer, for he knew that it was the greatest *punishment* to Corny to stay within doors a whole day. When Corny in the evening returned from his various out-of-doors occupations and amusements, Harry was glad to talk to him of what he had been reading, and to hear his odd summary reflections.

"Well, Harry, my boy, now I've told you how it has been with me all day, now let's hear how you have been getting

on with your bookmen ;—has it been a good day with you to-day ? were you with Shakespear—worth all the rest—all the world in him ?"

Corny was no respecter of authorities in books ; a great name went for nothing with him—it did not awe his understanding in the slightest degree.

If it was poetry—" didit touch the heart, or inflame the imagination ?" If it was history, " was it true ?"—If it was philosophy, " was it sound reasoning ?" These were the questions he asked.—" No cramming any thing down his throat," he said. This daring temper of mind, though it sometimes led him wrong, was advantageous to his young friend. It wakened Ormond's powers, and prevented his taking upon trust the assertions, or the reputations, even of great writers.

The spring was now returning, and Dora was to return with spring. He looked forward to her return, as to a

new era in his existence: then he should live in better company, he should see something better than he had seen of late—be something better. His chief, his best occupations during this winter, had been riding, leaping, and breaking horses: he had broken a beautiful mare for Dora. Dora, when a child, was very fond of riding, and constantly rode out with her father. At the time when Harry Ormond's head was full of Tom Jones, Dora had always been his idea of Sophy Western, though nothing else that he could recollect in her person, mind, or manner, bore any resemblance to Sophia: and now that Tom Jones had been driven out of his head by Sir Charles Grandison,—now that his taste for women was a little raised, by the pictures which Richardson had left in his imagination, Dora, with equal facility, turned into his new idea of a heroine—not *his* heroine, for she was engaged to White Connal—merely a

heroine in the abstract.—Ormond had been warned, that he was to consider Dora as a married woman;—well, so he would, of course.—"She was to be Mrs. Connal—so much the better:—he should be quite at ease with her, and she should teach him French, and drawing, and dancing, and improve his manners. He was conscious that his manners had, since his coming to the Black Islands, rusticated sadly, and lost the little polish they had acquired at Castle Hermitage, and during one *famous* winter in Dublin. His language and dialect, he was afraid, had become somewhat vulgar; but Dora, who had been refined by her residence with her aunt, and by her dancing-master, would polish him, and set all to rights, in the most agreeable manner possible." In the course of these his speculations on his rapid improvements, and his reflections on the perfectibility of man's nature under the tuition of woman, some idea of its fallibility did cross

his imagination or his memory; but then he blamed, most unjustly, his imagination, for the suggestion. The danger would prove, as he would have it, to be imaginary. "What danger could there be, when he knew," as he began and ended, by saying to himself, "that he was to consider Dora as a married woman—Mrs. Connal?"

Dora's aunt, an aunt by the mother's side, a maiden aunt, who had never before been at the Black Islands, and whom Ormond had never seen, was to accompany Dora on her return to Corny Castle; our young hero had settled it in his head, that this aunt must be something like Aunt Ellenor, in Sir Charles Grandison; a stiff-backed, prim, precise, old-fashioned looking aunt. Never was man's astonishment more visible in his countenance, than was that of Harry Ormond, on the first sight of Dora's aunt. His surprise was so great, as to preclude the sight of Dora herself.

There was nothing surprising in the lady, but there was, indeed, an extraordinary difference between our hero's preconceived notion, and the real person whom he now beheld! *Mademoiselle*, as Miss O'Faley was called, in honour of her French parentage and education, and in commemoration of her having at different periods spent above half her life in France, looking for an estate that could never be found—Mademoiselle was dressed in all the peculiarities of the French dress of that day—she was of that indefinable age, which the French describe by the happy phrase of "une femme *d'un certain age*," and which Miss O'Faley happily translated, "a woman of *no particular age*." Yet though of no particular age in the eye of politeness, to the vulgar eye she looked like what people, who knew no better, might call an elderly woman; but she was as alert and lively as a girl of fifteen, —a little wrinkled, but withal in fine

preservation. She wore abundance of rouge, obviously—still more obviously took superabundance of snuff—and without any obvious motive, continued to play unremittingly a pair of large black French eyes, in a manner impracticable to a mere English woman, and which almost tempted the spectator to beg she would let them rest.—Mademoiselle, or Miss O'Faley, was in fact half French, and half Irish—born in France, she was the daughter of an officer of the Irish Brigade, and of a French lady of good family. In her gestures, tones, and language, there was a striking mixture, or rapid succession of French and Irish. When she spoke French, which she spoke well, and with a true Parisian accent, her voice, gestures, air, and ideas were all French, and she looked and moved a well born, well bred woman.—The moment she attempted to speak English, which she spoke with an inveterate brogue, her ideas,

manner, air, voice, and gestures were Irish; she looked and moved a vulgar Irishwoman.

"What do you see so wonderful in aunt O'Faley?" said Dora.

"Nothing—only—"

The sentence was never finished, and the young lady was satisfied, for she perceived that the course of his thoughts was interrupted, and all idea of her aunt effaced, the moment he turned his eyes upon herself. Dora, no longer a child and his playfellow, but grown and formed, was, and looked, as if she expected to be treated as a woman.—She was exceedingly pretty, not regularly handsome, but with most brilliant eyes—there was besides a childishness in her face, and in her slight figure, which disarmed all criticism on her beauty, and which contrasted strikingly, yet as our hero thought agreeably, with her womanish airs and manner.—Nothing but her external appearance could be seen.

this first evening—she was tired, and went to bed early.

Ormond longed to see more of her, on whom so much of his happiness was to depend.

CHAPTER IX.

THIS was the first time Mademoiselle O'Faley had ever been at Corny Castle. Hospitality, as well as gratitude, determined the king of the Black Islands to pay her honour due.

"Now, Harry Ormond," said he, "I have made one capital, good resolution. Here is my sister-in-law, Mademoiselle O'Faley, coming to reside with me here, and has conquered her antipathy to solitude, and the Black Islands, and all from natural love and affection for my daughter Dora, for which I have a respect for her, notwithstanding all her eternal jabbering about *politesse*, and all her manifold

absurdities, and infinite female vanities, of which she has a double proportion, being half French.—But so was my wife, that I loved to distraction—for a wise man may do a foolish thing.—Well, on all those accounts, I shall never contradict or gainsay this Mademoiselle—in all things I shall make it my principle to give her her swing and her fling. But now observe me, Harry, I have no eye to her money—let her leave that to Dora or the cats, whichever pleases her—I am not looking to, nor squinting at her succession. I am a great hunter, but not legacy hunter, that is a kind of hunting I despise—and I wish every hunter of that kind may be thrown out, or thrown off, and may never be in at the death!"

Corny's tirade against legacy hunters was highly approved by Ormond, but as to the rest he knew nothing about Miss O'Faley's fortune.—He was now to learn that a rich relation of hers, a

merchant in Dublin, whom living she had despised, because he was "neither *noble*, nor *comme il faut*," dying, had lately left her a considerable sum of money,—so that after having been many years in straitened circumstances, she was now quite at her ease.—She had a carriage, and horses, and servants; she could indulge her taste for dress, and make a figure in a country place.

The Black Islands were, to be sure, of all places the most unpromising for her purpose, and the first sight of Corny Castle was enough to throw her into despair.

As soon as breakfast was over, she begged her brother-in-law would shew her the whole of the chateau from the top to the bottom.

"With all the pleasure in life," he said, "he would attend her from the attics to the cellar, and shew her all the additions, improvements, and contrivances he had made, and all he intended

to make, if Heaven should lend him life to complete every thing, or any thing—there was nothing *finished.*"

"Nor ever will be," said Dora, looking from her father to her aunt with a sort of ironical smile.

"Why, what has he been doing all his life?" said Mademoiselle.

"Making a *shift*," said Dora. "I will shew you dozens of them as we go over this house—*he* calls them substitutes—*I* call them make-shifts."

Ormond followed as they went over the house; and though he was sometimes amused by the smart remarks which Dora made behind backs as they went on, yet he thought she laughed too scornfully at her father's *oddities*, and he was often in pain for his good friend Corny.

His majesty was both proud and ashamed of his palace—proud of the various instances it exhibited of his taste, originality, and *daring*—ashamed of the

deficiencies and want of comfort and finish.

His ready wit had excuses, reasons, or remedies for all Mademoiselle's objections. Every alteration she proposed, he promised to get executed, and he promised impossibilities with the best faith imaginable.

"As the Frenchman answered to the Queen of France," said Corny, "if it is possible, it *shall* be done; and if it is impossible it *must* be done."

Mademoiselle, who had expected to find her brother-in-law, as she owned, a little more difficult to manage, a little savage, and a little restive—was quite delighted with his politeness, but presuming on his complaisance, she went too far.—In the course of a week, she made so many innovations, that Corny, seeing the labour and ingenuity of his life in danger of being at once destroyed, made a sudden stand.

"This is Corny Castle, Mademoiselle," said he, "and you are making it Castle Topsy-Turvey, which must not be.—Stop this work, for I'll have no more architectural innovations done here—but by my own orders.—Paper and paint, and furnish and finish, you may, if you will, I give you carte-blanche, but I won't have another wall touched, nor chimney pulled down; so far shalt thou go, but no farther, Mademoiselle O'Faley." Mademoiselle was forced to submit, and to confine her brilliant imagination to papering, painting, and glazing.

Even in the course of these operations king Corny became so impatient, that she was forced to get them finished surreptitiously, while he was out of the way in the mornings.

She made out who resided at every place within possible reach of morning or dinner visit: every house on the opposite banks of the lake was soon known to

her, and she was current in every house. The boat was constantly rowing backwards and forwards over the lake; cars waiting or driving on the banks; in short, this summer, all was gaiety at the Black Islands. Miss O'Faley was said to be a great acquisition in the neighbourhood: she was so gay, so sociable, so communicative; and she certainly, above all, knew so much of the world; she was continually receiving letters, and news, and patterns, from Dublin, and the Black Rock, and Paris. Each of which places, and all standing nearly upon the same level, made a great figure in her conversation, and in the imagination of the *half* or quarter gentry, with whom she consorted in this remote place. Every thing is great or small by comparison, and she was a great person in this little world. It had been the report of the country, that her niece was promised to the eldest son of Mr. Connal, of Glynn; but the aunt seemed so averse to the

match, and expressed this so openly, that some people began to think it would be broken off; others, who knew Cornelius O'Shane's steadiness to his *word of honour*, were convinced that Miss O'Faley would never shake king Corny, and that Dora would assuredly be Mrs. Connal. All agreed that it was a foolish promise,—that he might do better for his daughter. Miss O'Shane, with her father's fortune and her aunt's, would be a great prize; besides, she was thought quite a beauty, and *remarkable elegant.*

Dora was just the thing to be the belle and coquet of the Black Islands; the alternate scorn and familiarity with which she treated her admirers, and the interest and curiosity she excited, by sometimes taking delightful pains to attract, and then capriciously repelling, *succeeded,* as Miss O'Faley observed, admirably. Harry Ormond accompanied her and her aunt on all their parties of pleasure: Miss O'Faley would never

venture in the boat or across the lake without him.—He was absolutely essential to their parties;—he was useful in the boat;—he was useful to drive the car;—Miss O'Faley would not trust anybody else to drive her:—he was an ornament to the ball, Miss O'Faley dubbed him her beau:—she undertook to polish him, and to teach him to speak French; she was astonished by the quickness with which he acquired the language, and caught the true Parisian pronunciation;—she often reiterated to her niece, and to others, who repeated it to Ormond, "that it was the greatest of pities he had but three hundred a year upon earth, but that, even with that pittance, she should prefer him for a nephew, to another with his thousands—Mr. Ormond was well-born, and he had some *politesse;* and a winter at Paris would make him quite another person, quite a charming young man. He would have great *succes*, she could answer for it, in certain *circles* and *sallons* that she could name, only it

might turn his head too much."—So far she said, and more she thought.

It was a million of pities that such a woman as herself, and such a girl as Dora, and such a young man as Mr. Ormond might be made, should be buried all their days in the Black Islands. Mademoiselle O'Faley's heart still turned to Paris—in Paris she was determined to live, there was no *living*, what you call *living*, any where else—elsewhere people only vegetate, as somebody said. Miss O'Faley, nevertheless, was excessively fond of her niece; and how to make the love for her niece and the love for Paris coincide, was the question: she long had formed a scheme of carrying her dear niece to Paris, and marrying her there to some M. le Baron, or M. le Marquis; but Dora's father would not hear of her living any where but in Ireland, or marrying any one but an Irishman. Miss O'Faley had lived long enough in Ireland to know, that the usual method, in all disputes, is to split the

difference;—therefore she decided, that her niece should marry some Irishman who would take her to Paris, and reside with her there, at least a great part of his time. The latter part of the bargain to be kept a secret from the father, till the marriage should be accomplished. Harry Ormond appeared to be the very man for this purpose: he seemed to hang loosely upon the world,——no family connexions seemed to have any rights over him: he had no profession,—but a very small fortune.—Miss O'Faley's fortune might be very convenient, and Dora's person very agreeable to him; and it was scarcely to be doubted, that he would easily be persuaded to quit the Black Islands, and the British Islands, for Dora's sake.

The petit menage was already quite arranged in Mademoiselle O'Faley's head. —Even the wedding dresses had floated in her fancy.

"As to the promise given to White

Connal," as she said to herself, "it would be a mercy to save her niece from such a man, for she had seen him lately, when he had called upon her in Dublin, and he was a vulgar person:—his hair looked as if it had not been cut these hundred years, and he wore—any thing but what he should wear—therefore it would be a favour to her brother-in law, for whom she had in reality a serious regard, it would be doing him the greatest imaginable benefit, to save him from the shame of either keeping or breaking his ridiculous and savage promise."

Her plan was therefore to prevent the possibility of his keeping it, by marrying her niece privately to Ormond, before White Connal should return in October. When the thing was done and could not be undone, Cornelius O'Shane, she was persuaded, would be very glad of it, for Harry Ormond was his particular favorite: he had called him his son, son-in-law

was almost the same thing. Thus arguing with happy female casuistry, Mademoiselle went on with the prosecution of her plan. To the French spirit of intrigue and gallantry she joined Irish acuteness, and Irish varieties of odd resource, with the art of laying suspicion asleep by the appearance of an imprudent, blundering, good-nature; add to all this a degree of *confidence*, that could not have been acquired by any means but one. Thus accomplished, " rarely did she manage matters."

By the very boldness and openness of her railing against the intended bridegroom, she convinced her brother-in-law, that she meant nothing more than *talk*.—Besides, through all her changing varieties of objections, there was one point on which she never varied :—she never objected to going to Dublin, in September, to buy the wedding clothes for Dora. This seemed to Cornelius O'Shane perfect proof, that she had no serious inten-

tion to break off or defer the match. As to the rest, he was glad to see his own Harry such a favorite :—he deserved to be a favorite with everybody, Cornelius thought. The young people were continually together, "So much the better," he would say, "all was above board, and there could be no harm going forward, and no danger in life."—All was above board on Harry Ormond's part; he knew nothing of Miss O'Faley's designs, nor did he as yet feel that there was for him much *danger*. He was not thinking as a lover of Dora in particular, but he felt a new and extraordinary desire to please in general. On every fair occasion, he liked to shew how well he could ride; how well he could dance; how gallant and agreeable he could be: —his whole attention was now turned to the cultivation of his personal accomplishments. He succeeded :—he danced, he rode to admiration :—his glories of horsemanship, and sportsmanship; the birds

that he shot, and the fish that he caught, and the leaps that he took, are to this hour recorded in the tradition of the inhabitants of the Black Islands. At that time his feats of personal activity and address made him the theme of every tongue, the delight of every eye, the admiration of every woman, and the envy of every man: not only with the damsels of Peggy Sheridan's class was he *the* favorite, but with all the young ladies, the belles of the half gentry, who filled the ball-rooms; and who made the most distinguished figure in the riding, boating, walking, tea-drinking parties. To all or any of these belles he devoted his attention, rather than to Dora; for he was upon honour, and very honourable he was, and very prudent, moreover, he thought himself. He was, at present, quite content with general admiration; there was, or there seemed, at this time, more danger for his head than his heart,—more danger that his

head should be turned with the foolish attentions paid him by many silly girls, than that he should be a dupe to a passion for any one of them: there was imminent danger of his becoming a mere dancing, driving, country coxcomb.

CHAPTER X.

ONE day, when Harry Ormond was out shooting with Moriarty Carroll, Moriarty abruptly began with—

"Why then, 'tis what I am thinking, Master Harry, that king Corny don't know as much of that White Connal as I do."

"What do *you* know of Mr. Connal?" said Harry, loading his piece, "I didn't know you had ever seen him."

"Oh, but I did, and no great sight to see.—Unlike the father, old Connal, of Glynn, who is the gentleman to the last, every inch, even with the coat dropping off his back; and the son, with the best coat in christendom, has not the look of a gentleman at all, at all!—Nor hasn't in him, inside no more than outside."

"You may be mistaken there, as you have never been within-side of him, Moriarty," said Ormond.

"Oh, faith, and if I have not been within-side of him, I have heard enough from them that seen him turned inside out, hot and cold. Sure I went down there last summer, to his country, to see a shister of my own, that's married in it; and lives just by Connal's Town, as the man calls that sheep farm of his."

"Well, let the gentleman call his own place what he will—"

"Oh! he may call it what he plases for me, I know what the country calls him; and lest your honour should not ax me, I'll tell you: they call him White Connal, the negre.—Think of him that would stand browbating the butcher an hour, to bate down the farthing a pound in the price of the worst bits of the mate, which he'd bespeak always for the servants; or stand, he would, I've seen him with my own eyes, higgling with the poor child, with the apron

round the neck, that was sent to sell him the eggs—"

"Hush! Moriarty," said Ormond, who did not wish to hear any further particulars of Mr. Connal's domestic economy, and he silenced Moriarty, by pointing to a bird.—But the bird flew away, and Moriarty returned to his point.

"I wouldn't be telling the like of any jantleman, but to shew the nature of him. The minute after he had screwed the halfpenny out of the child, he'd throw down, may-be, fifty guineas in gould, for the horse he'd fancy for his own riding: not that he rides better than the sack going to the mill, nor so well; but that he might have it to show, and say, he was better mounted than any man at the fair: and the same he'd throw away more guineas than I could tell, at the head of a short-horned bull, or a long-horned bull; or some kind of a bull from England, may-be, just be-

caase he'd think nobody else had one of the breed in all Ireland but himself."

"A very good thing, at least, for the country, to improve the breed of cattle."

"The country!—'Tis little the man thinks of the country, that never thought of any thing but himself, since his mother sucked him."

"Suckled him, you mean," said Harry.

"No matter—I'm no spaker—but I know that man's char*a*cter nevertheless—he is rich;—but a very bad char*a*cter the poor gives him up and down."

"Perhaps, because he is rich."

"Not at all; the poor loves the rich that helps with the kind heart.—Don't we all love king Corny to the blacking of his shoes?—Oh! there's the difference!—who could like the man that's always talking of the *craturs*, and yet to save the life of the poorest cratur that's forced to live under him, wouldn't forbear to drive, and pound, and process, for the little *con* acre, the potato ridge,

the cow's grass, or the trifle for the woman's peck of flax, was she dying, and sell the woman's last blanket?—White Connal is a hard man, and takes all to the uttermost farthing the law allows."

"Well, even so, I suppose the law does not allow him more than his due," said Ormond.

"Oh! begging your pardon, Master Harry," said Moriarty, "that's becaase you are not a lawyer."

"And are you?" said Harry.

"Only as we all are through the country.—And now I'll only just tell you, Master Harry, how this White Connal sarved my shister's husband, who was an under-tenant to him.—See, the case was this—"

"Oh! don't tell me a long case, for pity's sake.—I am no lawyer, I shall not understand a word of it."

"But then, Sir, through the whole consarning White Connal, what I'm thinking of, Master Harry," said Mori-

arty, "is, I'm grieving that a daughter of our dear king Corny's, and such a pretty likely girl as Miss Dora—"

"Say no more, Moriarty, for there's a partridge."

"Oh! is it so with you?" thought Moriarty, "that's just what I wanted to know—and I'll keep your secret;—I don't forget Peggy Sheridan—and his goodness."

Moriarty said not a word more about White Connal or Miss Dora;—and he and Harry shot a great many birds this day.

It is astonishing how quickly and how justly the lower class of people in Ireland discover and appreciate the characters of their superiors; especially of the class just above them in rank.

Ormond hoped that Moriarty had been prejudiced in his account of White Connal, and that private feelings had induced him to exaggerate. Harry was persuaded of this, because Cornelius O'Shane had spoken to him of Connal,

and had never represented him to be a *hard* man. In fact, O'Shane did not know him. White Connal had a property in a distant county where he resided, and only came from time to time to see his father. O'Shane had then wondered to see the son grown so unlike the father; and he attributed the difference to White Connal's having turned grazier. The having derogated from the dignity of an idle gentleman, and having turned grazier, was his chief fault in king Corny's eyes: so that the only point in Connal's character and conduct, for which he deserved esteem, was that for which his intended father-in-law despised him. Connal had early been taught by his father's example, who was an idle, decayed, good gentleman, of the old Irish stock, that genealogies and old maps of estates in other people's possessions do not gain quite so much respect in this world as solid wealth. The son was determined, therefore, to get

money; but in his horror of his father's indolence and poverty, he ran into a contrary extreme—he became not only industrious, but rapacious.—He was right to avoid being a *stalko*, as his father was; but it was not absolutely necessary, that all his talk should be of bullocks, or that his whole soul should be in gain.

In going lately to Dublin to settle with a sales-master, he had called on Dora at her aunt's in Dublin, and he had been "greatly struck," as he said, "with Miss O'Shane; she was as fine a girl as any in Ireland—turn out who they could against her; all her *points* good. But, better than beauty, she would be no contemptible fortune: with her aunt's assistance she would cut up well; she was certain of all her father's Black Islands—fine improvable land, if well managed."

These considerations had their full effect; Connal, knowing that the young

lady was his destined bride, had begun by taking the matter coolly, and resolving to wait for the properest time to wed; yet the sight of Dora's charms had so wrought upon him, that he was now impatient to conclude the marriage immediately. Directly after seeing Dora in Dublin, he had gone home and "put things in order and in train to bear his absence," while he should pay a visit to the Black Islands. Business, which must always be considered before pleasure, had detained him at home longer than he had foreseen; but now certain rumours he heard of gay doings in the Black Islands, and a letter from his father, advising him not to delay longer paying his respects at Corny Castle, determined him to set out. He wrote to Mr. O'Shane to announce his intentions, and begged to have the answer directed to his father's at Glynn.

One morning as Miss O'Faley, Mr.

O'Shane, and Ormond, were at breakfast, Dora, who was usually late, not having yet appeared, Miss O'Faley saw a little boy running across the fields towards the house—

"That boy runs as if he was bringing news," said she.

"So he has a right to do," said Corny; "if I don't mistake, that's the post; that is, it is not the post, but a little *special* of my own—a messenger I sent off to *catch post.*"

"To do what?" said Mademoiselle.

"Why, to catch post," said Corny, "I bid him gallop off for the life and *put across* (*lake* understood) to the next post town, which is Ballynaslugger, and to put in the letters that were too late here at that office there; and to bring back whatever he found with no delay—but gallop off for the bare life."

This was an operation which the boy performed, whenever requisite, at the imminent hazard of his neck every time,

to say nothing of his chance of drowning.

"Well, catch-post, my little rascal," said king Corny, "what have you for us the day?"

"I got nothing at all, only a wetting for myself, plase your honour; and one bit of a note for your honour, which I have here for you as dry as the bone in my breast."

He produced the bit of a note, which, king Corny's hands being at that time too full of the eggs and the kettle to receive graciously, was laid down on the corner of the table, from which it fell, and Miss O'Faley picking it up, and holding it by one corner, exclaimed—

"Is this what you call dry as a bone in this country? And mighty clean, too —faugh!—When will this entire nation leave off chewing tobacco, I wonder? This is what you style clean, too, in this country?"

"Why, then," said the boy, looking

close at the letter, "I thought it was clane enough when I got it—and give it—but 'tis not so clane now, sure enough; this corner—whatever come over it—Would it be the snuff, my lady?"

The mark of Miss O'Faley's thumb was so visible, and the snuff so palpable, and the effort to brush it from the wet paper so disastrous, that Miss O'Faley let the matter rest where it was. King Corny put silver into the boy's hand, bidding him not be too much of a rogue; the boy, smiling furtively, twitched the hair on his forehead, bobbed his head in sign of thanks, and drawing, not shutting the door after him, disappeared.

"As sure as I'm Cornelius O'Shane, this is White Connal in *propria persona*," said he, opening the note.

"Dora's White Connal?" said Ormond.

"Mon Dieu! Bon Dieu! Ah Dieu!" cried Mademoiselle O'Faley.

"Hush! Whisht!" cried the father, "here's Dora coming."

Dora came in—"Any letter for me?"

"Aye, darling, one *for you.*"

"Oh, give it me; I'm always in a desperate hurry for my letters: Where is it?"

"No—you need not hold out your pretty hand; the letter is *for you*, but not *to* you," said king Corny; "And now you know; aye now you guess, my quick little blusher, who 'tis from."

"I guess? not I, indeed; not worth my guessing," cried Dora, throwing herself sideways into a chair. "My tea, if you please, aunt;" then taking the cup, without adverting to Harry, who handed it to her, she began stirring the tea, as if it and all things shared her scorn.

Mademoiselle O'Faley now addressed herself to her niece in French. We shall in future call her Mademoiselle,

when she speaks in French, and Miss when she speaks in English.

"Mon chere! mon chat!" said Mademoiselle O'Faley, "you are quite right to spare yourself the trouble of guessing; for I give it you in two, I give it you in four, I give it you in eight, and you would never guess right. Figure to yourself only, that a man, who has the audacity to call himself a lover of Miss O'Shane's, could fold, could seal, could direct a letter in such a manner as this, which you here behold."

Dora, who during this speech had sat fishing for sugar in her tea-cup, raised her long eyelashes, and shot a scornful glance at the letter, but intercepting a crossing look of Ormond's, the expression of her countenance suddenly changed, and with perfect composure she observed,—

"A man may fold a letter badly, and be nevertheless a very good man."

"That nobody can possibly contra-

dict," said her father, "and on all occasions 'tis a comfort to be able to say what no one can contradict."

"No well-bred person will never contradict nothing," said Miss O'Faley—

"But, without contradicting you, my child," resumed Miss O'Faley, "I maintain the impossibility of his being a *gentleman*, who folds a letter so."

"But if folding a letter is all a man wants of being a gentleman," said Dora, "it might be learnt, I should think; it might be taught—"

"If you were the teacher, Dora, it might, surely," said her father,

"But Heaven, I trust, will arrange that better," said Mademoiselle.

"Whatever Heaven arranges must be best," said Dora.

"Heaven and your father, if you please, Dora," said her father, "put that and that together like a dutiful daughter, as you must be."

"Must!" said Dora, angrily.

"That offensive *must* slipped out by mistake, darling; I meant only being *you*, you must be all that's dutiful and good."

"Oh!" said Dora, "that's another view of the subject."

"You have a very imperfect view of the subject, yet;" said her father, "for you have both been so taken up with the manner, that you have never thought of inquiring into the matter of this letter."

"And what is the matter?" said Miss O'Faley.

"*Form!*" continued the father, addressing himself to his daughter; "*form*, I acknowledge, is one thing, and a great thing in a daughter's eyes."

Dora blushed—"But in a father's eyes, substance is apt to be more."

Dora raised her cup and saucer together to her lips at this instant, so that the substance of the saucer completely hid her face from her father.

"But," said Miss O'Faley, "you

have not told us yet what the man says."

"He says he will be here whenever we please."

"That's never," said Miss O'Faley— "never, I'd give for answer, if my pleasure is to be consulted."

"Luckily, there's another person's pleasure to be consulted here," said the father, keeping his eyes fixed upon his daughter.

"Another cup of tea, aunt, if you please."

"Then the sooner the better, I say," continued her father, "for when a disagreeable thing is to be done—that is, when a thing that's not quite agreeable to a young lady, such as marriage—"

Dora took the cup of tea from her aunt's hand, Harry not interfering.

"I say," persisted her father, "the sooner it's done and over, the better."

Dora saw that Ormond's eyes, were fixed upon her; she suddenly tasted, and

suddenly started back from her scalding tea; Harry involuntarily uttered some exclamation of pity; she turned, and seeing his eyes still fixed upon her, said, "Very rude, Sir, to stare at any one so."

"I only thought you had scalded yourself."

"Then you only thought wrong."

"At any rate, there's no great occasion to be angry with me, Dora."

"And who is angry, pray, Mr. Ormond? What put it in your head, that I was doing you the honour to be angry with you?"

"The cream! the cream!" cried Miss O'Faley.

A sudden motion, we must not say an angry motion, of Dora's elbow, had at this moment overset the cream ewer; but Harry set it up again, before its contents poured on her new riding habit.

"Thank you," said she, "thank you; but," added she, changing the places of

the cream ewer and cups and saucers before her, "I'd rather manage my own affairs, my own way, if you'd let me, Mr. Ormond—if you'd leave me—I can take care of myself my own way."

"I beg your pardon for saving your habit from destruction, for that is the only cause of offence that I am conscious of having given. But I leave you to your own way, as I am ordered," said he, rising from the breakfast-table.

"Sparring! sparring, again, you two!" said Dora's father, "but Dora, I wonder whether you and White Connal were sparring that way when you met."

"Time enough for that, Sir, after marriage," said Dora.

Our hero, who had stood leaning on the back of his chair, fearing that he had been too abrupt in what he had said, cast a lingering look at Dora, as her father spoke about White Connal, and as she replied; but there was something so unfeminine, so unamiable, so

decided and bold, he thought, in the tone of her voice, as she pronounced the word *marriage*, that he then, without reluctance, and with a feeling of disgust, quitted the room, and left her " to manage her own affairs, and to take her own way."

CHAPTER XI.

OUR young hero, hero like, took a solitary walk to indulge his feelings, and as he rambled, he railed to his heart's content against Dora.

"Here all my plans of happiness and improvement are again overturned. Dora cannot improve me, can give me no motive for making myself any thing better than what I am—Polish my manners! no; when she has such rude, odious manners herself—much changed for the worse — a hundred times more agreeable when she was a child—Lost to me she is every way—no longer my playfellow—no chance of her being my friend—Her good father,

hoped she would be a sister to me—very sorry I should be to have such a sister—Then I am to consider her as a married woman—Pretty wife she will make! I am convinced she cares no more for that man she is going to marry than I do—Marrying merely to be married, to manage her own affairs, and have her own way—so childish!—or marrying merely to get an establishment—so base!—How women, and such young creatures, *can* bring themselves to make these venal matches—I protest Peggy Sheridan's worth a hundred of such. Moriarty may think himself a happy fellow—Suzy—Jenny, any body—only with dress and manner a little different—is full as good in reality. I question whether they'd give themselves, without liking, to any White Connal in their own rank, at the first offer, for a few sheep, or a cow, or to have their own way."

Such was the summing up of the topics

of invective, which, during a two hours' walk, had come round and round continually in Ormond's indignant fancy. He went plucking off the hawthorn blossoms in his path, till at one desperate tug, that he gave to a branch which crossed his way, he opened to a bank that sloped down to the lake. At a little distance below him he saw old Sheelah sitting under a tree, rocking herself backwards and forwards, while Dora stood motionless opposite to her, with her hand covering her eyes, and her head drooping. They neither of them saw Ormond, and he walked on pursuing his own path; it led close behind the hedge to the place where they were, so close, that the sounds "Willastrew! Willastrew!" from old Sheelah, in her funereal tone, reached his ear, and then the words, "Oh, my heart's darling! So young to be a sacrifice—but what next did he say?"

Ormond's curiosity was strongly ex-

cited; but he was too honourable to listen, or to equivocate with conscience; so to warn them that some one was within hearing, he began to whistle clear and strong. Both the old woman and the young lady started.

"Murder!" cried Sheelah, "it's Harry Ormond!—Oh! did he overhear any thing—or all, think ye?"

"Not I," answered Ormond, leaping over the hedge directly, and standing firm before them; "I *overheard* nothing—I *heard* only your last words Sheelah—you spoke so loud I could not help it—They are as safe with me as with yourself—but don't speak so loud another time, if you are talking secrets; and whatever you do, never suspect me of listening—I am incapable of *that*, or any other baseness."

So saying, he turned his back, and was preparing to vault over the hedge again, when he heard Dora, in a soft low voice, say—

"I never suspected you, Harry, of that, or any other baseness."

"Thank you, Dora," said he, turning with some emotion—"thank you, Dora, for this first, this only kind word you've said to me since you came home."

Looking at her earnestly, as he approached nearer, he saw the traces of tears, and an air of dejection in her countenance, which turned all his anger to pity and tenderness in an instant. With a soothing tone he said, "Forgive my unseasonable reproach—I was wrong—I see you are not as much to blame as I thought you were."

"To blame!" cried Dora. "And pray how—and why—and for what did you think me to blame, Sir?"

The impossibility of explanation, the impropriety of what he had said, flashed suddenly on his mind, and in a few moments a rapid succession of ideas followed. "Was Dora to blame for obeying her father, for being ready to marry the

man to whom her father had destined—promised her hand—and was he, Harry Ormond!—the adopted child, the trusted friend of the family, to suggest to the daughter the idea of rebelling against her father's will, or disputing the propriety of his choice?"

Ormond's imagination took a rapid flight on Dora's side of the question, and he finished with the *conviction* that she was "a sacrifice, a martyr, and a miracle of perfection!"

"Blame *you*, Dora!" cried he, "*blame* you! No—I admire, I esteem, I respect you. Did I say that I blamed you? I did not know what I said, or what I meant."

"And are you sure you know any better what you say or what you mean, now?" said Dora.

The altered look and tone of tartness in which this question was asked, produced as sudden a change in Harry's *conviction*. He hesitatingly answered—

"I am—"

"He is," said Sheelah, confidently.

"I did not ask your opinion, Sheelah. I can judge for myself," said Dora.—"Your words tell me one thing, Sir, and your looks another," said she, turning to Ormond, "which am I to believe, pray?"

"Oh! believe the young man any way, sure," said Sheelah, "silence speaks best for him."

"Best against him, in my opinion," said Dora.

"Dora, will you hear me," Ormond began.

"No, Sir, I will not," interrupted Dora—"What's the use of hearing or listening to a man, who does not, by the confession of his own eyes, and his own tongue, know two minutes together *what* he means, or mean two minutes together the same thing. A woman might as well listen to a fool or a madman!"

"Too harsh, too severe, Dora," said he.

"Too true, too sincere, perhaps, you mean."

"Since I am allowed, Dora, to speak to you as a brother—"

"Who allowed you, Sir?" interrupted Dora.

"Your father, Dora."

"My father *can* not, *shall* not. Nobody but nature can make any man my brother—nobody but myself shall allow any man to call himself my brother."

"I am sorry I presumed so far, Miss O'Shane, I was only going to offer one word of advice."

"I want no advice—I will take none from you, Sir."

"You shall have none, madam, henceforward, from Harry Ormond."

"'Tis well, Sir, come away, Sheelah!"

"Oh! wait, dear—Och! I am too old," said Sheelah, groaning as she rose slowly. "I'm too slow entirely for these quick passions!"

"Passions!" cried Dora, growing scarlet and pale in an instant—"What do you mean by passions, Sheelah?"

"I mean *changes*" — said Sheelah, — "changes, dear.—I am ready now—where's my stick.—Thank you, Master Harry.—Only I say I can't change my quarters and march so quick as you, dear."

"Well, well, lean on me," said Dora, impatiently.

"Don't hurry, poor Sheelah—no necessity to hurry away from me," said Ormond, who had stood for a few moments like one transfixed. "'Tis for me to go—and I will go as fast and as far as you please, Dora, away from you and for ever."

"For ever!" said Dora—"what do you mean?"

"Away from the Black Islands! he can't mean that," said Sheelah.

"Why not?—Did not I leave Castle Hermitage at a moment's warning?"

"*Warning!*—nonsense," cried Dora, "lean on him, Sheelah—he has frightened you; lean on him, can't you—sure he's better than your stick. Warning—

where did you find that pretty word? Is Harry Ormond then turned footman?

"Harry Ormond!—And a minute ago she would not let me—Miss O'Shane, I shall not forget myself again,—amuse yourself with being as capricious as you please, but not at my expense;—little as you think of me, I am not to be made your butt or your dupe, therefore, I must seriously beg, at once, that I may know whether you wish me to stay or to go."

"To stay, to be sure, when my father invites you. Would you expose me to his displeasure,—you know he can't bear to be contradicted; and you know that he asked you to stay and live here."

"But without exposing you to any displeasure, I can," replied Ormond, "contrive—"

"Contrive nothing at all—do leave me to contrive for myself. I don't mean to say *leave* me—you take up one's words so

quickly, and are so passionate, Mr. Ormond."

"If you would have me understand you, Dora, explain how you wish me to live with you."

"Lord bless me, what a fuss the man makes about living with one—one would think it was the most difficult thing in the world. Can't you live on like any body else.—There's my aunt in the hedge-row walk, all alone, I must go and take care of her—I leave you to take care of Sheelah—you know you were always very good natured when we were children."

Dora went off quick as lightning, and what to make of her Ormond did not well know. Was it mere childishness, or affectation, or coquetry? No, the real tears and real expression of look and word forbade each of these suppositions. One other cause for her conduct might have been suggested by a vain man. Harry Ormond was not a vain man; but a little fluttering delight was just beginning to

play round his head, when Sheelah, leaning heavily on his arm as they ascended the bank, reminding him of her existence—

"My poor old Sheelah!" said he, "are you not tired?"

"Not now, thanks to your arm, Master Harry, dear, that was always good to me. Not now, I am not a whit tired; now I see all right again between my childer—and happy I was, these five minutes past, watching you smiling to yourself; and I don't doubt but all the world will smile on ye yet. If it was *my* world it should. But I can only wish you my best wish, which I did long ago —*may you live to wonder at your own good luck.*"

Ormond looked as if he was going to ask some question, that interested him much, but it ended by *wondering* what o'clock it was. Sheelah wondered at him for thinking what the hour was, when she was talking of Miss Dora. After a

silence, which brought them to the chicken-yard door, where Sheelah was "to quit his arm"—she leaned heavily again.

"The marriage—that they are all talking of in the kitchen, and every where through the country—Miss Dora's marriage with White Connal, is repriev-ed for the season. She axed time till she'd be seventeen—very rasonable. So it's to be in October—if we all live till those days—in the same mind. Lord, he knows—I know nothing at all about it; but I thank you kindly, Master Harry, and wish you well any way. Did you ever happen to see the bridegroom that is to be?"

"Never."

Harry longed to hear what she longed to say; but he did not deem it prudent, he did not think it honourable, to let her enter on this topic. The prudential con-sideration might have been conquered by curiosity; but the honourable repugnance

to obtaining second-hand information, and encouraging improper confidence, prevailed. He deposited Sheelah safe on her stone bench at the chicken-yard door, and much against her will, he left her before she had told, or hinted to him all she did know—and all she did not know.

The flattering delight that played about our young hero's head had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished. Of this he was sensible. It should never come near his heart—of that he was determined; he would exactly follow the letter and spirit of his benefactor's commands—he would always consider Dora as a married woman—but the prospect of there being some temptation, and some struggle, was infinitely agreeable to our young hero—it would give him something to do, something to think of, something to feel.

It was much in favour of his resolution, that Dora really was not at all the kind of woman he had pictured to him-

self either as amiable or charming; she was not in the least like his last patterns of heroines, or any of his approved imaginations of the *beau ideal*. But she was an exceedingly pretty girl; she was the only very pretty and tolerably accomplished girl immediately *near* him. A dangerous propinquity.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITE Connal and his father—we name the son first, because his superior wealth, inverting the order of nature, gave him, in his own opinion, the precedency on all occasions—White Connal and his father arrived at Corny Castle. King Corny rejoiced to see his old friend, the elder Connal; but through all the efforts that his majesty made to be more than civil to the son—the degenerate grazier, his future son-in law, it was plain that he was only keeping his promise, and receiving such a guest as he ought to be received.

Mademoiselle decided, that old Connal, the father, was quite a gentleman,

for he handed her about, and in his way, had some politeness towards the sex; but as for the son, her abhorrence must have burst forth in plain English, if it had not exhaled itself safely in French, in every exclamation of contempt which the language could afford. She called him *bête!* and *grand bête!*—by turns, *butor! âne!* and *grand butor!*—*nigaud!* and *grand nigaud!*—pronounced him to be, "Un homme qui ne dit rien—D'ailleurs un homme qui n'a pas l'air comme il faut—Un homme enfin qui n'est pas presentable, même en fait de mari."

Dora looked unutterable things; but this was not unusual with her. Her scornful airs, and short answers, were not more decidedly rude to White Connal than to others; indeed she was rather more civil to him than to Ormond. There was nothing in her manner of keeping Connal at a distance, beyond what he, who had not much practice or skill in the language of female coquetry,

might construe into maiden coyness to the acknowledged husband lover.

It seemed as if she had some secret hope, or fear, or reason for not coming to open war. In short, as usual, she was odd, if not unintelligible. White Connal did not disturb himself at all to follow her doublings, his pleasure was not in the chace—he was sure the game was his own.

Be bold! but not too bold, White Connal! be negligent, but not too negligent, of the destined bride. 'Tis bad, as you say, to be spoiling a *wife* before marriage; but what if she should never *be* your wife—thought some!

That was a contingency that never had occurred to White Connal. Had he not horses, and saddles, and bridles, and bits, finer than had ever been seen before in the Black Islands? And had he not the finest pistols, and the most famous fowling pieces? And had he not thousands of sheep, and hundreds of oxen?

And had he not thousands in paper, and thousands in gold; and if he lived, would he not have tens of thousands more? And had he not brought with him a plan of Connal's Town, the name by which he dignified a snug slated lodge he had upon one of his farms—an elevation of the house to be built, and of the offices that had been built?

He had so.—But it happened one day, when Connal was going to ride out with Dora, that just as he mounted, her veil fluttering before his horse's eyes, startled the animal; and the awkward rider unable to manage him, king Corny begged Harry Ormond to change horses with him, that Mr. Connal might go quietly beside Dora, "who was a bit of a coward."—Imprudent father! Harry obeyed—and the difference between the riders and the gentlemen was but too apparent. For what avails it that you have the finest horse, if another ride him better? What avails it that you have

the finest saddle, if another become it better? What use to you your Wogden pistols, if another hit the mark you miss? What avails the finest fowling-piece to the worst sportsman? The thousands upon thousands to him who says but little, and says that little ill? What avail that the offices at Connal's Town be finished, dog-kennel and all; or what boots it that the plan and elevation of Connal's Town be unrolled, and submitted to the fair one's inspection and remarks, if the fair disdain to inspect, and if she remark only, that a cottage and love are more to her taste? White Connal put none of these questions to himself, he went on his own way.—Faint heart never won fair lady.—Then no doubt he was in a way to win, for his heart never quailed, his colour never changed when he saw his fair one's furtive smiles, or heard her aunt's open praises of the youth, by whom riding, dancing, shooting, speaking, or silent, he was always eclipsed.

Connal of Connal's Town despised Harry Ormond of no-town—viewed him with scornful, but not with jealous eyes.—Idle jealousies were far from Connal's thoughts. —He was intent upon the noble recreation of cock-fighting. Cock-fighting had been the taste of his boyish days, before he became a money-making man; and at every interval of business, at each intermission of the passion of avarice, when he had leisure to think of amusement, this his first idea of pleasure recurred. Since he came to Corny Castle, he had at sundry times expressed to his father his "hope in Heaven, that before they would leave the Black Islands, they should get some good *fun* cock-fighting, for it was a poor case for a man that is not used to it, to be tied to a woman's apron strings, twirling his thumbs all the mornings, for form's sake."

There was a strolling kind of gentleman in the Islands, a Mr. O'Tara, who was a famous cock-fighter. O'Tara

came one day to dine at Corny Castle. The kindred souls found each other out, and an animated discourse across the table commenced concerning cocks. After dinner, as the bottle went round, the rival cock-fighters warmed to enthusiasm in praise of their birds. Each relating wonders, they finished, by proposing a match, laying bets, and despatching messengers and hampers for their favourites. The cocks arrived, and were put in separate houses, under the care of separate feeders.

Moriarty Carroll, who was curious, and something of a sportsman, had a mind to have a peep at the cocks. Opening the door of one of the buildings hastily, he disturbed the cock, who, taking fright, flew about the barn with such violence, as to tear off several of his feathers, and very much to deface his appearance. Unfortunately, at this instant White Connal and Mr. O'Tara came by, and finding what had hap-

penned, abused Moriarty with all the vulgar eloquence which anger could supply. Ormond, who had been with Moriarty, but who had no share in the disaster, endeavoured to mitigate the fury of White Connal, and apologized to Mr. O'Tara; O'Tara was satisfied—shook hands with Ormond, and went off. But White Connal's anger lasted longer—for many reasons he disliked Ormond—and thinking from Harry's gentleness, that he might venture to insult him, returned to the charge, and becoming high and brutal in his tone, said, that "Mr. Ormond had committed an ungentlemanlike action, which it was easier to apologize for, than to defend." Harry took fire, and instantly was much more ready than his opponent wished, to give any other satisfaction that Mr. Connal desired. Well, "Name his hour—his place." "To-morrow morning, six o'clock, in the east meadow;—out of reach and sight of all—" Ormond said, "or he was ready that in-

stant, if Mr. Connal pleased: he hated, he said, to bear malice—he could not sleep upon it."

Moriarty now stepping up privately besought Mr. Connal's "honour, for Heaven and earth's sake, to recollect, if he did not know it, what a desperate good shot Mr. Harry notoriously was always."

"What! you rascal! are you here still?" cried White Connal, "hold your peace;—how dare you speak between gentlemen?"

Moriarty begged pardon and departed. The hint he had given, however, operated immediately upon White Connal.

"This scattered-brained young Ormond," said he to himself, "desires nothing better than to fight.—Very natural, he has nothing to lose in the world but his bare life.—Neither money, nor landed property, as I have to quit, in leaving the world—unequal odds.—Not worth my while to stand his shot, for the feather of a cock," concluded Connal, as he

pulled to pieces one of the feathers, which had been the original cause of all the mischief.

Thus cooled, and suddenly become reasonable, he lowered his tone, declaring that he did not mean to say any thing in short that could give offence, nothing but what it was natural for any man in the heat of passion to say, and it was enough to put a man in a passion at first sight to see his favourite bird disfigured.—If he had said any thing too strong, he hoped Mr. Ormond would excuse it.

Ormond knew what the heat of passion was, and was willing to make all proper allowances.—White Connal made more than proper apologies; and Ormond rejoiced that the business was ended. But White Connal, conscious that he had first bullied, then quailed, and that if the story were repeated, it would tell to his disadvantage, made it his anxious request, that he would say nothing to Cornelius O'Shane of what

had passed between them, lest it should offend Cornelius, who he knew was so fond of Mr. Ormond.—Harry eased the gentleman's mind, by promising that he would never say a word about the matter. Mr. Connal was not content till this promise was solemnly repeated. Even this, though it seemed quite to satisfy him at the time, did not afterwards relieve Connal from the uneasy consciousness he felt in Ormond's company. He could bear it only the remainder of this day. The next morning he left the Black Islands, having received letters on business, he said, which required his immediate presence at Connal's Town.—Many at Corny Castle seemed willing to dispense with his further stay, but king Corny, true to his word and his character, took leave of him as his son-in-law, and only as far as hospitality required was ready to "speed the parting guest." At parting White Connal drew his future father-in-law aside, and gave him a

hint, that "he had better look sharp. after that youth he was fostering."

"Harry Ormond, do you mean?" said O'Shane.

"I do," said Connal, "but Mr. O'Shane, don't go to mistake me, I am not jealous of the man—not capable—of such a fellow as that, a wild scatter-brains, who is not worth a sixpence scarce—I have too good an opinion of Miss Dora. But if I was in your place, her father, just for the look of the thing in the whole country, I should not like it —not that I mind what people say a potato skin, but still if I was her father, I'd as soon have the devil an inmate and intimate in my house, muzzling in my daughter's ear behind backs."

Cornelius O'Shane stoutly stood by his young friend.

"He never saw Harry Ormond *muzzling*—behind backs, especially—did not believe any such thing—all Harry said and did was always above board,

and before faces, any way. In short," said Cornelius, "I will answer for Harry Ormond's honour with my own honour. After that 'twould be [illegible] less to add with my life, if required, that of course—and this ought to satisfy any son-in-law, who was a gentleman—none such could glance or mean to reflect on Dora."

Connal, perceiving he had overshot himself, made protestations of his innocence of the remotest intention of glancing at, or reflecting upon, or imagining any thing but what was perfectly angelic and proper in Miss Dora—Miss O'Shane.

"Then that was all as it should be," Mr. O'Shane said, "so far—but another point he would not concede to mortal man, was he fifty times his son-in-law promised, that was his own right to have who he pleased and *willed* to have, at his own castle, his inmate and his intimate."

"No doubt—to be sure," Connal said, "he did not mean—he only meant—he could not mean—in short he meant nothing at all, only just to put Mr. O'Shane on his guard—that was all he meant."

"Phoo!" said Cornelius O'Shane, but checking the expression of his contempt for the man, he made an abrupt transition to Connal's horse, which had just come to the door.

"That's a handsome horse! certainly you are well mounted, Mr. Connal."

O'Shane's elision of contempt was beyond Mr. Connal's understanding or feeling.

"Well mounted!—certainly I am *that*, and ever will be, while I can so well afford it," said Connal, mounting his horse—and identifying himself with the animal, he sat proudly, then bowing to the ladies, who were standing at an open window—

"Good day to ye—ladies—till October, when I hope"—

But his horse, who did not seem quite satisfied of his identity with the man, would not permit him to say more, and off he went—half his hopes dispersed in empty air.

"I know I wish," said Cornelius O'Shane to himself, as he stood on the steps, looking after the man and horse—"I wish that that unlucky bowl of punch had remained for ever unmixed, at the bottom of which I found this son-in-law for my poor daughter, my innocent Dora, then unborn—but she must make the best of him for me and herself, since the fates and my word, irrevocable as the Styx, have bound me to him, the purse proud grazier and mean man—not a remnant of a gentleman! as the father was.—Oh my poor Dora!"

As king Corny heaved a heartfelt sigh, very difficult to force from his anti-sentimental bosom, Harry Ormond, with a plate of meat in his hand, whistling to his dog to follow him, ran down the steps.

"Leave feeding that dog, and come here

to me, Harry," said O'Shane, "and answer me truly, such questions as I shall ask."

"*Truly*—if I answer at all," said Harry.

"Answer you must—when I ask you—every man, every gentleman must answer in all honour for what he does."

"Certainly, answer *for* what he does," said Harry.

"*For!*—Phoo!—come none of your tricks upon prepositions to gain time—I never knew you do the like—you'll give me a worse opinion.—I'm no school master, nor you a grammarian, I hope, to be equivocating on monosyllables."

"Equivocate! I never equivocated, Sir," said Harry.

"Don't begin now then," said Cornelius, "I've enough to put me out of humour already—so answer straight, like yourself. What's this you've done to get the ill-will of White Connal, that's just gone?"

Surprised and embarrassed—Ormond

answered, "I trust I have not his ill-will, Sir."

"You have, Sir," said O'Shane.

"Is it possible?" cried Harry, "when we shook hands—you must have misunderstood, or have been misinformed. How do you know, my dear Sir?"

"I know it from the man's own lips—see! I can give you a straight answer at once.—Now answer me, was there any quarrel between you, and what cause of offence did you give?"

"Excuse me, Sir, those are questions which I cannot answer."

"Your blush, young man, answers me enough, and too much.—Mark me, I thought I could answer for your honour with my own, and I did so."

"Thank you, Sir, and you shall never have reason—"

"Don't interrupt me, young man.—What reason can I have to judge of the future, but from the past—I am not an idiot to be bothered with fair words."

"Oh, Sir, can you suspect?"

"I suspect nothing, Harry Ormond; I am, I thank my God, above suspicion. —Listen to me—you know, whether I ever told it you before or not, I can't remember, but whether or not, you *know*, as well as if you were withinside of me, that in my heart's core there's not a man alive I should have preferred for my son-in-law, to the man I once thought Harry Ormond, without a penny"—

"Once thought!"

"Interrupt me again, and I'll lave you, Sir. In confidence between ourselves, thinking as once I did, that I might depend on your friendship and discretion, equally with your honour, I confessed I repented a rash promise, and let you see my regret deep enough—that my son-in-law will never be what Dora deserves—I said, or let you see as much, no matter which, I am no equivocator, nor do I now unsay or retract a word.— You have my secret, but remember when

first I had the folly to tell it you, same time I warned you, I warned you, Harry, like the moth from the candle—I warned you in vain. In another tone I warn you now, young man, for the last time—I tell you my promise to me is sacred—she is as good as married to White Connal—fairly tied up neck and heels—and so am I, to all intents and purposes, and if I thought it were possible you could consider her, or make her by any means, consider herself in any other light, I will tell you what I would do—I would shoot myself, for one of us must fall, and I wouldn't chuse it should be you, Harry.—That's all."

"Oh hear me, Sir," cried Harry, seizing his arm as he turned away, "kill me if you will, but hear me—I give you my word you are from beginning to end mistaken.—I cannot tell you the whole—but this much believe, Dora was not the cause of quarrel."

"Then there was a quarrel.—Oh for

shame! for shame!—you are not used to falsehood enough yet—you can't carry it through—why did you attempt it with *me?*"

"Sir, though I can't tell you the truth, the foolish truth, I tell you no falsehood.—Dora's name, a thought of Dora, never came in question between Mr. Connal and me, upon my honour."

"Your honour!" repeated Cornelius, with a severe look, severe more in its sorrow than its anger—"Oh Harry Ormond!—what signifies whether the name was mentioned—you know she was the thing—the cause of offence.—Stop, I charge you—equivocate no more. If a lie's beneath a gentleman, an equivocation is doubly beneath a man."

CHAPTER XIII.

HARRY Ormond thought it hard to bear unmerited reproach and suspicion; found it painful to endure the altered eye of his once kind and always generous, and to him, always dear friend and benefactor. But Ormond had given a solemn promise to White Connal, never to mention any thing that had passed between them to O'Shane; and he could not therefore explain these circumstances of the quarrel. However painful this misunderstanding, this first misunderstanding Harry had ever had with his friend—and very painful it was at the time, yet this was one of the circumstances, which tended to form Ormond's

character; conscious that he was doing right, he kept his promise to the person he hated and despised, at the hazard—at the certainty of displeasing the man he most loved in the world; and to whom he was the most obliged. While his heart yearned with tenderness towards his adopted father, he endured the reproach of ingratitude; and while he knew he had acted perfectly honourably, he suffered under the suspicion of equivocation and breach of confidence: he bore it all,—and in reward, he had the conviction of his own firmness, and an experience, upon trial, of his adherence to his word of honour. The trial may seem but trivial, the promise but weak; still it was a great trial to him, and he thought the promise as sacred, as if it had been about an affair of state

It happened some days after the conversation had passed between him and O'Shane, that Cornelius met O'Tara, the gentleman who had laid the bets

about the cock-fight with Connal, and chancing to ask him what had prevented the intended battle, O'Tara told all he knew of the adventure. Being a good-natured and good-humoured man, he stated the matter as playfully as possible —acknowledged that they had all been foolish and angry, but that Harry Ormond and Moriarty had at last pacified them by proper apologies. Of what had passed afterwards, of the bullying, and the challenge, and the submission, O'Tara knew nothing, but king Corny having once been put on the right scent, soon made it all out. He sent for Moriarty, and cross questioning him, heard the whole; for Moriarty had not been sworn to secresy, and had very good ears. When he had been turned out of the stable, he had retreated only to the harness-room, and had heard all that had passed. King Corny was delighted with Harry's spirit—and now he was prince Harry again, and the generous, warm-

hearted Cornelius, went, in impatience, to seek him out, and to beg his pardon for his suspicions. He embraced him—called him son, and dear son, said he had now found out, no thanks to him, Connal's cause of complaint, and it had nothing to do with Dora—

"But why could not you say so, man?"

He had said so repeatedly.

"Well, so I suppose it is to be made out clearly to be all my fault, that was in a passion, and could not hear, understand, or believe.—Well, be it so, if I was unjust, I'll make it up to you, for I'll never believe my own ears, or eyes, against you, Harry, while I live, depend upon it:—if I heard you asking her to marry you, I would believe my ears brought me the words wrong:—if I saw you even leading her into the church instead of the chapel, and the priest himself warning me of it, I'd say and think, father Jos, 'tis a mistake—a vision—or

a defect of vision. In short—I love and trust you as my own soul, Harry Ormond, for I did you injustice."

This full return of kindness and confidence, besides the present delight it gave him, left a permanent and beneficial impression upon our young hero's mind. The admiration he felt for O'Shane's generous conduct, and the self approbation he enjoyed in consequence of his own honourable firmness, had a great effect in strengthening and forming his character. —It also rendered him immediately more careful in his whole behaviour towards Miss O'Shane. He was prudent till both aunt and niece felt indignant astonishment. There was some young lady with whom Harry had danced and walked, and of whom he had, without any design, spoken as a pleasing *gentle* girl. Dora recollected this praise, and joining it with his present distant behaviour toward herself, she was piqued and jealous; and then she became, what probably she would never

otherwise have been, quite decided in her partiality for Harry Ormond. The proofs of this were soon so manifest, that many thought, and Miss O'Faley in particular, that Harry was grown stupid, blind, and deaf. He was not stupid, blind, or deaf, —he had felt the full power of Dora's personal charms, and his vanity had been flattered by the preference which Dora shewed for him. Where vanity is the ruling passion, young men are easily flattered into being in love with any pretty, perhaps with any ugly girl, who is, or who affects to be, in love with them. But Harry Ormond had more tenderness of heart than vanity—against the suggestions of his vanity he had struggled successfully, but now his heart had a hard trial. Dora's spirits were failing, her cheek growing pale, her tone of voice was quite softened—sighs would sometimes break forth—persuasive sighs!—Dora was no longer the scornful lady in rude health, but the interesting invalid—

the victim going to be sacrificed. Dora's aunt talked of the necessity of *advice* for her niece's health. Great stress was laid on air and exercise, and exercise on horseback.—Dora rode every day on the horse Harry Ormond broke for her, the only horse she could now ride; and Harry understood *its ways*, and managed it so much better than any body else; and Dora was grown a coward, so that it was quite necessary he should ride or walk beside her. Harry Ormond's tenderness of heart increased his idea of the danger. Her personal charms became infinitely more attractive to him; her defects of temper and character were forgotten and lost in his sense of pity and gratitude; and the struggle of his feelings was now violent.

One morning our young hero rose early, for he could no longer sleep, and he walked out, or, more properly, he rambled, or he strolled, or *stroamed* out, and he took his way—no, his steps were

irresistibly led to his accustomed haunt by the water side, under the hawthorn bank, and there he walked and picked daisies, and threw stones into the lake—and he loitered on, still thinking of Dora and death, and of the circles in the water, and again of the victim and of the sacrifice, when suddenly he was roused from his reverie by a shrill whistle, that seemed to come from the wood above, and an instant afterwards he heard some one shouting—

"Harry Ormond!—Harry Ormond!"

"Here!" answered Harry—and as the shouts were repeated he recognised the voice of O'Tara, who now came, whip in hand, followed by his dogs, running down the bank to him.

"Oh! Harry Ormond, I've brought great news with me for all at Corny Castle—but the ladies are not out of their nests, and king Corny's Lord knows how far off. Not a soul or body to be had, but yourself here, by good luck, and you

shall have the first of the news, and the telling of it."

"Thank you," said Ormond, "and what is the news?"

"First and foremost," said O'Tara, "you know birds of a feather flock together. White Connal, though except for the cock fighting I never relished him, was mighty fond of me, and invited me down to Connal's Town, where I've been with him this week—you know that much, I conclude."

Harry owned he did not.

O'Tara wondered how he could help knowing it—"But so it was; we had a great cock fight, and White Connal, who knew none of my *secret*, secrets in the feeding line, was bet out and out, and angry enough he was; and then I offered to change birds with him, and beat him with his own Ginger by my superiority of feeding, which he scoffed at, but took up the bet."

Ormond sighed with impatience in vain—he was forced to submit, and to go

through the whole detail of the cock fight. "The end of it was, that White Connal was *worsted* by his own bird, and then mad angry was he. So, then," continued O'Tara, "to get the triumph again on his side, one way or another, was the thing.—I had the advantage of him in dogs too, for he kept no hounds; you know he is close, and hounds lead to a gentlemanlike expense;—but very fine horses he had, I'll acknowledge, and, Harry Ormond, you can't but remember that one which he could not manage the day he was out riding here with Miss Dora, and you changed with him."

"I remember it well," said Ormond.

"Aye, and he has got reason to remember it now, sure enough."

"Has he had a fall?" said Ormond, stopping.

"Walk on, can't ye—keep up, and I'll tell you all regular."

"There is king Corny," exclaimed Ormond, who just then saw him come in view.

"Come on, then," cried O'Tara, leaping over a ditch that was between them, and running up to king Corny, "Great news for you, king Corny, I've brought—your son-in-law elect, White Connal, is off."

"Off—how?"

"Out of the world, clean! Poor fellow, broke his neck with that horse he could never manage—on Sunday last. I left him for dead Sunday night—found him dead Monday morning—came off straight with the news to you."

"Dead!" repeated Corny and Harry, looking at one another.

"Heaven forbid!" said Corny, "that I should—"

"Heaven forbid!" repeated Harry; "but—"

"But good morning to you both, then," said O'Tara, "shake hands either way, and I'll condole or congratulate to-morrow as the case may be, with more particulars if required."

O'Tara ran off, saying he would be back again soon; but he had great business to do. "I told the father last night."

"I am no hypocrite," said Corny. "Rest to the dead and all their faults— White Connal is out of my poor Dora's way! and I am free from my accursed promise!" Then clasping his hands, "Praised be Heaven for *that!*—Heaven is too good to me!—Oh, my child! how unworthy White Connal of her!—Thank Heaven on my knees, with my whole heart, thank Heaven that I am not forced to the sacrifice!—My child, my darling Dora, she is free!—Harry Ormond, my dear boy, I'm free," cried O'Shane, embracing Harry with all the warmth of paternal affection.

Ormond returned that embrace with equal warmth, and with a strong sense of gratitude; but was his joy equal to O'Shane's? What were his feelings at this moment? They were in such confusion, such contradiction, he could

scarcely tell. Before he heard of White Connal's death, at the time when he was throwing pebbles into the lake, he desired nothing so much as to be able to save Dora from being sacrificed to that odious marriage; he thought, that if he were not bound in honour to his benefactor, he should instantly make that offer of his hand and heart to Dora, which would at once restore her to health and happiness, and fulfil the wishes of her kind generous father. But now, when all obstacles seemed to vanish—when his rival was no more—when his benefactor declared his joy at being freed from his promise—when he was embraced as O'Shane's *son*, he did not feel joy—he was surprised to find it; but he could not—Now that he could marry Dora—now that her father expected that he should, he was not clear that he wished it himself. Quick as obstacles vanished, objections recurred; faults which he had formerly seen so strongly, which of late

compassion had veiled from his view, re-appeared—the softness of manner, the improvement of temper, caused by love, might be transient as passion. Then her coquetry—her frivolity. She was not that superior kind of woman, which his imagination had painted, or which his judgment could approve in a wife. How was he to explain this confusion of feeling to Corny? Leaning on his arm he walked on towards the house. He saw Corny, smiling at his own meditations, was settling the match, and anticipating the joy to all he loved. Harry sighed, and was painfully silent.

"Shoot across like an arrow to the house," cried Corny, turning suddenly to him, and giving him a kind push—"shoot off, Harry, and bring Dora to meet me like lightning, and the poor aunt too, 'twould be cruel else; but I—what stops you, son of my heart?"

"Stay!" cried Corny, a sudden thought striking him, which accounted

for Harry Ormond's hesitation—"Stop, Harry! You are right, and I am a fool. There is Black Connal, the twin brother—Oh, mercy!—against us still. What shall we do with Black Connal, eldest son, now—Promise fettering still!—Bad off! as ever, may be," said Cornelius. His whole countenance and voice changed; he sat down on a fallen tree, and rested his hands on his knees. "What shall we do now, Harry, with Black Connal?"

"He may be a very different man from White Connal—in every respect," said Ormond.

O'Shane looked up for a moment, and then interpreting his own way, exclaimed, "That's right, Harry, that thought is like yourself, and the very thought I had myself. We must make no declarations, till we have cleared the point of honour. Not the most beautiful angel that ever took woman's beautiful form—and that's the greatest temptation man can meet—could tempt my Harry

Ormond from the straight path of honour."

Harry Ormond stood, at this moment, abashed by praise which he did not quite deserve.

"Indeed, Sir," said he, "you give me too much credit."

"I cannot give you too much credit; you are an honourable young man, and I understand you through and through."

That was more than Harry himself did. Corny went on talking to himself aloud, "Black Connal is abroad these great many years, ever since he was a boy—never saw him since a child that high—An officer he is in the Irish brigade now—Black eyes and hair, that was why they called him Black Connal —Captain Connal now—and I heard the father say he was come to England, and there was some report of his going to be married, if I don't mistake," cried Corny, turning again to Harry, pleasure rekindling in his eye—"If that should be! there's hope for us still; but I see

you are right not to yield to the hope till we are clear. My first step, in honour, no doubt must be across the lake this minute to the father—Connal of Glynn; but the boat is on the other side. The horn is with my fishing tackle, Harry, down yonder—run, for you can run—horn the boat! or if the horn be not there, sign to the boat with your handkerchief—bring it up here, and I will put across before ten minutes shall be over—my horse I will have down to the water edge by the time you have got the boat up—when an honourable tough job is to be done, the sooner the better."

The horse was brought to the water's edge, the boat came across, Corny and his horse were in; and Corny, with his own hands on the oar, pushed away from land; then calling to Harry, he bid him wait on the shore *by* such an hour, and he should have the first news.

"Rest on your oars, you, while I speak to prince Harry."

"That you may know all, Harry, sooner

than I can tell you, if all be safe, or as we wish it, see, I'll hoist my neckcloth, *white*, to the top of this oar—If not, the *black* flag—or none at all, shall tell you. Say nothing till then—God bless you, boy."

Harry was glad that he had these orders, for he knew that as soon as Mademoiselle should be up, and hear of O'Tara's early visit, with the message he said he had left at the house, that he brought *great news*, Mademoiselle would soon sally forth to learn what that news might be. In this conjecture, Ormond was not mistaken.—He soon heard her voice—" *Mon-Dieu!-ing*," at the top of the bank—he ducked—he dived—he darted through nettles and brambles, and escaped.—Seen or unseen he escaped, nor stopped his flight even when out of reach of the danger.—As to trusting himself to meet Dora's eyes, " 'twas what he dared not."

He hid, and wandered up and down,

till near dinner time.—At last, O'Shane's boat was seen returning—but no white flag!—The boat rowed nearer and nearer, and reached the spot where Harry stood motionless.

"Aye, my poor boy, I knew I'd find you so," said O'Shane, as he got ashore. "There's my hand, you have my heart—I wish I had another hand to give you—but it's all over with us, I fear. Oh! my poor Dora!—and here she is coming down the bank, and the aunt!—Oh, Dora! you have reason to hate me."

"To hate you, Sir!—impossible!" said Ormond, squeezing his hand strongly, as he felt.

"Impossible!—true—for *her* to hate, who is all love and loveliness!—impossible too for *you*, Harry Ormond, who is all goodness!"

"Bon Dieu," cried Mademoiselle, who was now within exclamation distance.—"What a *course* we have had after you, gentlemen.—Ladies looking for gentle-

men!—C'est inoui!—What is it all? for I am dying with curiosity."

Without answering Mademoiselle, the father, and Harry's eyes, at the same moment, were fixed on one who was some steps behind, and who looked as if dying with a softer passion. Harry made a step forward to offer his arm, but stopped short; the father offered his, in silence.

"Can nobody speak to me?—Bien poli!" said Mademoiselle.

"If you please, Miss O'Faley, ma'am,' cried a hatless footman, who had run after the ladies the wrong way from the house: "if you please, ma'am, will *she* send up dinner now?"

"Oui, qu'on serve!—Yes, she will.—Let her dish—by that time she is dished, we shall be in—and have satisfied our curiosity, I hope?" added she, turning to her brother-in-law.

"Let us dine first," said Cornelius, "and when the cloth is removed, and

the waiting-ears out of hearing, time enough to have our talk to ourselves."

"Bien singulier, ces Anglois!" muttered Mademoiselle to herself, as they proceeded to the house.—"Here is a young man, and the most polite of the silent company, who may well be in some haste for his dinner; for to my knowledge, he is without his breakfast."

Harry had no appetite for dinner, but swallowed as much as Mademoiselle O'Faley desired. A remarkably silent meal it would have been, but for her happy volubility, equal to all occasions. At last came the long expected words, "Take away."—When all was taken away, and all were gone, but those who, as O'Shane said, would too soon wish unheard, what they were dying to hear—he drew his daughter's chair close to him—placed her so as "to save her blushes;" —and began his story, by relating all that O'Tara had told.

"It was a sudden death—shocking!"

Mademoiselle repeated several times;—but both she and Dora recovered from the shock, or from the word "shocking!" and felt the delight of Dora's being no longer a sacrifice.

After a general thanksgiving having been offered for her escape from the *butor*, Mademoiselle, in transports, was going on to say, that now her niece was free to make a suitable match; and she was just turning to wonder, that Harry Ormond was not that moment at her niece's feet;—and Dora's eyes, raised slowly towards him and suddenly retracted, abashed and perplexed Harry indescribably——when Corny continued thus——

"Dora is not free, nor am I free in honour yet, nor can I give any body freedom of tongue or heart, until I know farther."

Various exclamations of surprise and sorrow interrupted him.

"Am I never, never to be free!" cried Dora,—"Oh! am not I now at liberty?"

"Hear me, my child," said her father, "I feel it as you do."

"And what is it next—Qu'est ce que c'est—this new obstacle?—What can it be?" said Mademoiselle.

The father stated, sorrowfully, the difficulty respecting the present eldest son, Black Connal.—Old Connal, of Glynn, would by no means relinquish O'Shane's promise.—He said he would write immediately to his son, who was now in England.

"And now tell me what kind of a person is this new pretender, this Mr. Black Connal," cried Mademoiselle.

"Of him we know nothing as yet," said O'Shane, "but I hope, in Heaven, that the man that is coming, is as different from the man that's gone, as black from white."

Harry heard Dora breathe quick and quicker, but she said nothing.

"Then we shall get his answer to the father's letter in eight days, I count," said Mademoiselle: "and I have great

hopes we shall never be troubled with him; we shall know if he will come or not, in eight days."

"About that time," said O'Shane; "but sister O'Faley, do not nurse my child or yourself up with deceitful hopes.—There's not a man alive—not a Connal, surely, hearing what happiness he is heir to, but would come flying over post haste.—So you may expect himself his answer, in eight days—Dora, my darling, and God grant he may be—"

"No matter what he is, Sir, I'll die before I will see him," cried Dora, rising, and bursting into tears.

"Oh! my child, you won't die!—you can't—from me, your father?"—Her father threw his arm round her, and would have drawn her to him, but she turned her face from him; Harry was on the other side, her eyes met his, and her face became covered with blushes—in his life he never was so moved.

"Open the window, Harry," said O'Shane, who saw the conflict; "open the window!—we all want it."

Harry opened the window, and hung out of it gasping for breath.

"She's gone—the aunt has taken her off—it's over for this fit," said O'Shane. "Oh! my child, I must go through with it. My boy, I honour as I love you—I have a great deal to say about your own affairs, Harry."

"My affairs, oh! what affairs have I? Never think of me—dear Sir—"

"I will—but can't now—I am spent for this day—leave out the bottle of claret for father Jos, and I'll get to bed—I'll see nobody, tell father Jos——I'm gone to my room."

The next morning O'Tara came to breakfast. Every person had a different question to ask him, except Dora, who was silent. Corny asked what kind of man Black Connal was. Mademoiselle inquired whether he was most French or Eng-

lish; Ormond, whether he was going to be married.

To all these questions O'Tara pleaded ignorance: except with respect to the sports of the field, he had very little curiosity or intelligence.

A ray of hope again darted across the mind of Corny. From his knowledge of the world he thought it very probable, that a young officer in the French brigade would be well contented to be heir to his brother's fortune, without encumbering himself with an Irish wife, taken from an obscure part of the country. Corny, therefore eagerly inquired from O'Tara what became of White Connal's property. O'Tara answered, that the common cry of the country was, that all White Connal's profitable farms were leasehold property, and upon his own life.—Poor Corny's hopes were thus frustrated; he had nothing left to do for some days but to pity Harry Ormond; to bear with the curiosity and impatience of Mademoiselle,

and with the froward sullenness of Dora, till some intelligence should arrive respecting the new claimant to Dora's destined hand.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FEW days afterwards, Sheelah bursting into Dora's room, exclaimed, "Miss Dora! Miss Dora! for the love of God, they are coming! They're coming down the avenue, *powdering* along! Black Connal himself flaming away with one in a gold hat, this big, galloping after, and all gold over he is, entirely!—Oh! what will become of us, Master Harry, now? Oh! it took the sight out of my eyes!—And yours as red as ferrets, dear! —Oh! the *cratur.*—But come to the window and look out—nobody will mind —stretch out the body, and I'll hold ye fast, never fear!—at the turn of the big wood, do you see them behind the trees,

the fir dales, glittering and flaming?—Do you see them at all?"

"Too plainly," said Dora, sighing,—"but I did not expect he would come in such a grand style—I wonder!"—

"Oh! so do I, greatly; mostly at the carriage. Never saw the like with the Connals, so grand—but the queer thing—"

"Ah! my dear Dore!—un cabriolet!" cried Mademoiselle, entering in ecstacy—"Here is Monsieur de Connal for you in a French cabriolet, and a French servant riding on to advertise you and all. Oh! what are you twisting your neck child—I will have no toss at him, now—he is all the gentleman, you shall see—so let me sit you all to rights while your father is receive—I would not have him see you such a horrible figure—not presentable—you look—"

"I do not care how I look; the worse the better," said Dora, "I wish to look a horrible figure to him—to Black Connal."

"Oh! put your Black Connals out of your head; that is always in your mouth —I tell you he is call M. de Connal. Now did I not hear him this minute announced by his own valet?—Monsieur de Connal present his complimens—he beg permission to present himself—and there was I, luckily, to answer for your father in French."

"French! sure Black Connal's Irish born," said Sheelah—"that much I know, any way."

A servant knocked at the door with king Corny's request that the ladies would come down stairs, to see, as the footman added to his master's message, to see old Mr. Connal and the French gentleman.

"There, French, I told you," said Mademoiselle, "and quite the gentleman, depend upon it, my dear—come your ways."

"No matter what he is," said Dora, "I shall not go down to see him; so you had better go by yourself, aunt."

"Not one step! Oh! that would be the height of impolitesse and disobedience—you could not do that, my dear Dore; consider, he is not a man that nobody know, like your old butor of a White Connal. Not signify how bad you treat him, like the dog. But here is a man of a certain quality—who knows the best people in Paris—who can talk—and tell every where. Oh! in conscience, my dear Dore, I shall not suffer these airs—with a man who is somebody, and—"

"If he was the king of France," cried Dora, "if he was Alexander the Great himself, I would not be forced to see the man, or marry him against my will."

"Marry! Who talk of marry? Not come to that yet; ten to one he has no thought of you, more than politeness require."

"Oh! as to that," said Dora, "aunt, you certainly are mistaken there. What do you think he comes over to Ire-

land, what do you think he comes here, for?"

"Hark! then," said Sheelah, "don't I hear them out of the window? Faith! there they are, walking and talking and laughing, as if there was nothing at all in it."

"Just heavens! What a handsome uniform!" said Miss O'Faley, "and a very proper looking man," said she. "Lah! well, who'd have thought Black Connal, if it's him, would ever have turned out so fine a presence of a man to look at?"

"Very cavalier, indeed, to go out to walk, without waiting to see us," said Dora.

"Oh! I will engage it was that dear father of yours hoisted him out."

"Hoisted him out! Well, aunt, you do sometimes speak the oddest English— But I do think it strange that he should be so very much at his ease.—Look at him—

—hear him—I wonder what he is saying —and Harry Ormond!—Give me my bonnet, Sheelah—behind you, quick.—Aunt, let us go out of the garden door, and meet them out walking, by accident —that is the best way—I long to see how *somebody* will look."

"Very good—now you look all life and spirit—perfectly charming! Look that manner, and I'll engage he will fall in love with you."

"He had better not, I can tell him, unless he has a particular pleasure in being refused," said Dora, with a toss of her head and neck, and at the same time a glance at her looking glass, as she passed quickly out of the room.

Dora and her aunt walked out, and accidentally met the gentlemen in their walk. As M. de Connal approached, he gave them full leisure to form their opinions as to his personal appearance. He had the air of a foreign officer—easy, fashionable, and upon uncommonly good

terms with himself—conscious, but with no vulgar consciousness, of possessing a fine figure and a good face,—his was the air of a French coxcomb, who in unconstrained delight was rather proud to display, than anxious to conceal, his perfect self-satisfaction. Interrupting his conversation only when he came within a few paces of the ladies, he advanced with an air of happy confidence and Parisian gallantry, begging that Mr. O'Shane would do him the honour and pleasure to present him. After a bow, that said nothing, to Dora, he addressed his conversation entirely to her aunt, walking beside Mademoiselle, and neither approaching nor attempting to speak to Dora; he did not advert to her in the least, and seemed scarcely to know she was present. This quite disconcerted the young lady's whole plan of proceedings—no opportunity was afforded her of shewing disdain. She withdrew her arm from her aunt's, though Mademoi-

selle held it as fast as she could, but Dora withdrew it resolutely, and falling back a step or two took Harry Ormond's arm, and walked with him, talking with as much unconcern, and as loudly as she could, to mark her indifference. But whether she talked or was silent, walked on with Harry Ormond, or stayed behind, whispered, or laughed aloud, it seemed to make no impression, no alteration whatever in Monsieur de Connal; he went on conversing with Mademoiselle, and with her father, alternately in French and English. In English he spoke with a native Irish accent, which seemed to have been preserved from childhood; but though the brogue was strong, yet there were no vulgar expressions; he spoke good English, but generally with somewhat of French idiom. Whether this was from habit or affectation it was not easy to decide. It seemed as if the person who was speaking thought in French, and translated it

into English as he went on. The peculiarity of manner and accent, for there was French mixed with the Irish, fixed attention; and besides, Dora was really curious to hear what he was saying, for he was very entertaining—Mademoiselle was in raptures while he talked of Paris and Versailles, and various people of consequence and fashion at the court. The Dauphiness!—she was then but just married—M. de Connal had seen all the fêtes and the fireworks—but the beautiful Dauphiness!—In answering a question of Mademoiselle's about the colour of her hair, he for the first time shewed that he had taken notice of Dora—

"Nearly the colour, I think, of that young lady's hair, as well as one can judge; but powder prevents the possibility of judging accurately."

Dora was vexed to see, that she was considered merely as *a young lady*—she exerted herself to take a part in the conversation, but Mr. Connal never joined

in conversation with her,—with the most scrupulous deference he stopped short in the middle of his sentence, if she began to speak. He stood aside, shrinking into himself with the utmost care, if she was to pass; he held the boughs of the shrubs out of her way, but continued his conversation with Mademoiselle all the time. When they came in from their walk, the same sort of thing went on—"It really is very extraordinary," thought she, "he seems as if he was spell-bound—obliged by his notions of politeness to let me pass incognita."

Mademoiselle was so fully engaged chattering away, that she did not perceive Dora's mortification. The less notice Connal took of her, the more Dora wished to attract his attention—not that she desired to please him—no—she only longed to have the pleasure of refusing him. For this purpose the offer must be made—and it was not at all clear, that any offer would be made.

When the ladies went to dress before dinner, Mademoiselle, while she was presiding at Dora's toilette, expressed how much she was delighted with M. de Connal, and asked what her niece thought of him? Dora replied, that indeed she did not trouble herself to think of him at all—that she thought him a monstrous coxcomb—and that she wondered what could bring so prodigiously fine a gentleman to the Black Islands.

"Ask your own sense what brought him here! or ask your own looking-glass what shall keep him here!" said Miss O'Faley—"I can tell you he thinks you very handsome already; and when he sees you dress!"

"Really! he does me honour; he did not seem as if he had even seen me, more than any of the trees in the wood, or the chairs in the room."

"Chairs!—Oh, now you fish for *complimens*,—but I shall not tell you how

like he thinks you, if you were mise à la Françoise, to la belle Comtesse de Barnac."

"But, is not it very extraordinary, he absolutely never spoke to me?" said Dora; "a very strange manner of paying his court!"

Mademoiselle assured Dora, "that this was owing to M. de Connal's French habits—the young ladies in Paris passing for nothing—scarcely ever appearing in society till they are married,—the gentlemen have no intercourse with them, and it would be considered as a breach of respect due to a young lady or her mother to address much conversation to her. And you know, my dear Dore, their marriages are all make up by the father, the mother, the friends—the young people themselves never speak, never know nothing at all about each one another, till the contract is sign—In fact, the young lady is the little round what you call cipher, but has no value in société

at all, till the figure of de husband come to give it the value."

"I have no notion of being a cipher," said Dora, "I am not a French young lady, Monsieur de Connal."

"Ah, but my dear Dore, consider what is de French wife! Ah, then come her great glory; then she reign over all hearts, and is in full liberté to dress, to go, to come, to do what she like, with her own carriage, her own box at de play, de opera, and—You listen well, and I shall draw all that out for you, from M. de Connal."

Dora languidly, sullenly begged her aunt would not give herself the trouble, she had no curiosity. But nevertheless she asked several questions about la Comtesse de Barnac, and all the time saying she did not in the least care what he thought or said of *her*, she drew from her aunt every syllable that M. de Connal had uttered, and was secretly mortified and surprized to find he had said so

little. She could not dress herself to her mind to day, and protesting she did not care how she looked, she resigned herself into her aunt's hands.—Whatever he might think, she should take care to shew him at dinner, that young ladies in this country were not ciphers.

At dinner, however, as before, all Dora's preconcerted airs of disdain, and determination to show that she was somebody, gave way, she did not know how, before M. de Connal's easy assurance, and polite indifference. His knowledge of the world, and his talents for conversation, with the variety of subjects he had flowing in from all parts of the world, gave him advantages, with which there was no possibility of contending.

He talked, and carved—all life, and gaiety, and fashion; he spoke of battles, of princes, plays, operas, wine, women, cardinals, religion, politics, poetry, and turkies stuffed with truffles—and Paris

for ever!—Dash on! at every thing!—hit or miss—sure of the applause of Mademoiselle—and, as he thought, secure of the admiration of the whole company of natives, from *le beau-père*, at the foot of the table, to the boy who waited, or who did not wait, opposite to him, but who stood entranced with wonder at all that M. de Connal said, and all that he did—even to the fashion in which he stowed trusses of sallad into his mouth with a fork, and talked—through it all.

And Dora, what did she think?—she thought she was very much mortified, that there was room for her to say so little. The question now was not what she thought of M. de Connal, but what he thought of her. After beginning with many various little mock defences, avertings of the head, and twists of the neck, of the shoulders and hips, compound motions resolvable into *mauvaise-honte* and pride, as dinner proceeded,

and Monsieur de Connal's *success* was undoubted, she silently gave up her resolution "not to admire."

Before the first course was over, Connal perceived, that he had her eye—"Before the second is over," thought he, "I shall have her ear—and by the time we come to the desert, I shall be in a fair way for the heart."

Though he seemed to have talked without any design, except to amuse himself and the company in general, yet in all he had said there had been a prospective view to his object. He chose his means well, and in Mademoiselle he found at once a happy dupe and a confederate. Without previous concert, they raised visions of Parisian glory, which were to prepare the young lady's imagination for a French lover or a French husband—M. de Connal was well aware, that no matter who touched her heart, if he could pique her vanity.

Aftef dinner, when the ladies retired,

old Mr. Connal began to enter upon the question of the intended union between the families—Ormond left the room—and Corny suppressed a deep sigh. M. de Connal took an early opportunity of declaring, that there was no truth in the report of his going to be married in England — he confessed, that such a thing had been in question—he must speak with delicacy—but the family and connexions did not suit him—he had a strong prejudice, he owned, in favour of antient family—Irish family—he had always wished to marry an Irish woman —for that reason he had avoided opportunities that might have occurred of connecting himself, perhaps advantageously, in France—he was really ambitious of the honour of an alliance with the O'Shanes.—Nothing could be more fortunate for him than the friendship, which had subsisted between his father and Mr. O'Shane—And the promise?—Relinquish it!—Oh, that, he assured Mr.

O'Shane was quite impossible, provided the young lady herself should not make a decided objection—he should abide by her decision—he could not possibly think of pressing his suit, if there should appear any repugnance,—in that case he should be infinitely mortified—he should be absolutely in despair—but he should know how to submit—cost him what it would—he should think, as a man of honour, it was his part to sacrifice his wishes to what the young lady might conceive to be for her happiness.

He added a profusion of compliments on the young lady's charms, with a declaration of the effect they had already produced on his heart.

This was all said with a sort of nonchalance, which Corny did not at all like. But Mademoiselle, who was summoned to Corny's private council, gave it as her opinion, that M. de Connal was already quite in love—quite as much as a French husband ever was. She was

glad that her brother-in-law was bound by his promise to a gentleman, who would really be a proper husband for her niece. Mademoiselle, in short, saw every thing *couleur de rose*—and she urged, that, since M. de Connal had come to Ireland for the express purpose of forwarding his present suit, he ought to be invited to stay at Corny Castle, that he might endeavour to make himself acceptable to Dora.

To this Corny acceded. He left Mademoiselle to make the invitation, for, he said, she understood French politeness, and *all that*, better than he did. The invitation was made and accepted, with all due expressions of infinite delight.

"Well, my dear Harry Ormond," said Corny, the first moment he had an opportunity of speaking to Harry in private, "what do you think of this man?"

"What Miss O'Shane thinks of him

is the question," said Harry, with some embarrassment.

"That's true; it was too hard to ask you—But I'll tell you what I think—between ourselves, Black Connal is better than White, inasmuch as a puppy is better than a brute—We shall see what Dora will say or think soon—the aunt is over head and ears already—women are mighty apt to be taken one way or other with a bit of a coxcomb. Vanity, vanity! But still I know—I suspect, Dora has a heart—from me, I hope, she has a right to a heart. But I will say no more till I see which way the heart turns and *settles*, after all the little tremblings and variations. When it points steady, I shall know how to steer my course—I have a scheme in my head, but I won't mention it to you, Harry, because it might end in disappointment—so go off to bed and to sleep, if you can; you have had a hard day to go through, my poor honourable Harry."

And poor honourable Harry had many hard days to go through. He had now to see how Dora's mind was gradually worked upon, not by a new passion, for Mr. Connal never inspired, nor endeavoured to inspire passion; but by her own and her aunt's vanity. Mademoiselle with constant importunity assailed her: and though Dora saw, that her aunt's only wish was to settle in Paris, and to live in a fine hotel; and though Dora was persuaded, that for this her aunt would without scruple sacrifice her happiness, and that of Harry Ormond; yet she was so dazzled by the splendid representation of a Parisian life, as not to see very distinctly what object she had herself in view.—Connal's flattery too, though it had scarcely any pretence to the tone of truth or passion, yet contrasting with his previous indifference gratified her. She was sensible that he was not attached to her as Harry Ormond was, but she flattered herself that

she should quite turn his head in time. She tried all her power of charming for this purpose, at first chiefly with the intention of exciting Harry's jealousy, and forcing him to break his honourable resolution.—Harry continued her first object for some little time, but soon the idea of piquing him was merely an excuse for coquetry. She imagined that she could recede or advance with her new admirer, just as she thought proper. But she was mistaken —she had now to deal with a man practised in the game; he might let her appear to win, but not for nothing would he let her win a single move; yet he seemed to play so carelessly, as not in the least to alarm, or put her on her guard.—The by-standers began to guess how the game would terminate—it was a game in which the whole happiness of Dora's life was at stake, to say nothing of his own, and Ormond could not look on without anxiety—and, not-

withstanding his outwardly calm appearance, without strong conflicting emotions.

"If," said he to himself, "I were convinced that this man would make her happy, I think I could be happy myself."—But the more he saw of Connal, the less he thought him likely to make Dora happy; unless, indeed, her vanity could quite extinguish her sensibility—then, Monsieur de Connal would be just the husband to suit her.

Connal was exactly what he appeared to be—a gay young officer, who had made his own way up in the world—a petit maître—who had really lived in good company at Paris, and had made himself agreeable to women of rank and fortune.—He might perhaps, as he said, with his figure, and fashion, and connexions, have made his fortune in Paris by marriage, had he had time to look about him—but a sudden run of ill-fortune at play had obliged him to quit Paris for a season.—It was

necessary to make his fortune by marriage in England or Ireland, and as expeditiously as possible—In this situation, Dora, with her own and her aunt's property, was, as he considered it, an offer not to be rashly slighted; nor yet was he very eager about the matter—if he failed here, he should succeed elsewhere. This real indifference gave him advantages with Dora, which a man of feeling would perhaps never have obtained, or never have kept. Her father, though he believed in the mutable nature of woman, yet could scarcely think, that his daughter Dora was of this nature. He could scarcely conceive, that her passion for Harry Ormond—that passion which had but a short time before certainly affected her spirits, and put him in fear for her health, could have been conquered by a coxcomb, who cared very little whether he conquered or not.

How was this possible? good Corny invented many solutions of the problem

—he fancied one hour that his daughter was sacrificing herself from duty to him —or complaisance to her aunt;—the next hour he settled, and with more probability, that she was piqued by Harry Ormond's not showing more passion.—King Corny was resolved to know distinctly how the matter really was. He therefore summoned his daughter and the aunt into his presence, and the person he sent to summon them was Harry Ormond.

" Come back with them yourself, Harry, I shall want you also."

Harry returned with both the ladies. By the countenance of Cornelius O'Shane they all three augured, that he had something of importance to say, and they stood in anxious expectation.—He went to the point immediately.

" Dora, I know it is the custom on some occasions for ladies never to tell the truth—therefore I shall not ask any question, that I think will put your truth

to the test. I shall tell you my mind, and leave you to judge for yourself. Take as long or as short a time to know your own mind as you please—only know it clearly, and send me your answer by your aunt.—All I beg is, that when the answer shall be delivered to me, this young man may be by.—Don't interrupt me, Dora—I have a high opinion of him,"—said he, keeping his eye upon Dora's face. "I have a great esteem, affection, love for him,"—he pronounced the words deliberately, that he might see the effect on Dora, but her countenance was as undecided as her mind; no judgment could be formed from its changes.

"I wish Harry Ormond," continued he, "to know all my conduct—he knows that, long ago, I made a foolish promise to give my daughter to a man I knew nothing about."

Mademoiselle was going to interrupt, but Cornelius O'Shane silenced her.

"Mademoiselle—sister O'Faley, I

will do the best I can to repair that folly—and to leave you at liberty, Dora, to follow the choice of your heart."

He paused, and again studied her countenance—which was agitated.

"Her choice is your choice—her father's choice is always the choice of the good daughter," said Mademoiselle.

"I believe she is a good daughter, and that is the particular reason I am determined to be as good a father as I can to her."

Dora wept in silence—and Mademoiselle, a good deal alarmed, wanted to remove Harry Ormond out of the young lady's sight—she requested him to go to her apartment for a smelling bottle for her niece.

"No, no," said king Corny, "go yourself, sister O'Faley, if you like it, but I'll not let Harry Ormond stir—he is my witness present.—Dora is not fainting—if you would only let her alone, she would do well.—Dora listen to me—if

you don't really prefer this Black Connal for a husband to all other men, as you are to swear at the altar you do, if you marry him—"

Dora was strongly affected by the solemn manner of her father's appeal to her.

"If," continued her father, "you are not quite clear, my dear child, that you prefer him to all men, do not marry him. I have a notion I can bring you off without breaking my word—listen—I would willingly give half my fortune to secure your happiness, my darling.—If I do not mistake him, Mr. Connal would, for a less sum, give me back my promise, and give you up altogether, my dear Dora."

Dora's tears stopped.—Mademoiselle's exclamations poured forth, and they both declared they were certain, that Mr. Connal would not for any thing upon earth, that could be offered to him, give up the match.—

Corny said he was willing to make the trial, if they pleased.—Mademoi-

selle seemed to hesitate; but Dora eagerly accepted the proposal, thanked her father for his kindness, and declared that she should be happy to have, and to abide by this test of Mr. Connal's love.—If he were so base as to prefer half her fortune to herself, she should, she said, think herself happy in having escaped from such a traitor.

Dora's pride was wakened, and she now spoke in a high tone: she always, even in the midst of her weaknesses, had an ambition to show spirit.

"I will put the test to him myself, within this hour," said Corny, "and before you go to bed this night, when the clock strikes twelve, all three of you be on this spot, and I will give you his answer. But stay, Harry Ormond, we have not had your opinion—would you advise me to make this trial."

"Certainly, Sir."

"But if I should lose half of Dora's fortune?"

"You would think it well bestowed, I am sure, Sir, in securing her from an unhappy marriage."

"But then she might not, perhaps, so easily find another lover with half a fortune—that might make a difference, hey, Harry?"

"Impossible, I should think, Sir, that it could make the least difference in the affection of any one, who really —who was really worthy of Miss O'Shane."

The agitation into which Harry Ormond was thrown, flattered and touched Dora for the moment; her aunt hurried her out of the room.

Cornelius O'Shane rang, and inquired where Mr. Connal was—in his own apartment writing letters, his servant believed.—O'Shane sent to beg to see him, as soon as he was at leisure.

At twelve o'clock Dora, Mademoiselle, and Ormond, were all in the study, punctually as the clock was striking.

"Well! what is M. de Connal's answer?" cried Mademoiselle, "if he hesitate, my dear Dore, give him up dat minute."

"Undoubtedly," said Dora, "I have too much spirit to do otherwise.—What's his answer, father?"

"His answer, my dear child, has proved that you knew him better than I did—he scorns the offer of half your fortune—for your whole fortune he would not give you up.

"I thought so," cried Dora, triumphantly.

"I thought so," echoed Mademoiselle.

"I did him injustice," cried Ormond, "I am glad that M. de Connal has proved himself worthy of you, Dora, since you really approve him—you have not a friend in the world, next to your father, who wishes your happiness more sincerely than I do."

He hurried out of the room.

"There's a heart for you!" said Corny.

"Not for me," said Mademoiselle, "he has no passion in him."

"I give you joy, Dora," said her father. "I own I misjudged the man—on account of his being a bit of a coxcomb. —But if you can put up with that, so will I—when I have done a man injustice, I will make it up to him every way I can.—Now let him, he has my consent, be as great a coxcomb as ever wore red heels.—I'll put up with it all, since he really loves my child. I did not think he would have stood the test."

Nor would he, had not he been properly prepared by Mademoiselle—she had, before M. de Connal went to Corny, sent him a little billet, which told him the test that would be proposed, and thus prevented all possibility of her dear niece's being disappointed in her lover or her husband.

CHAPTER XV.

VAIN of shewing that he was not in the slightest degree jealous, Connal talked to Ormond in the freest manner imaginable, touching with indifference even on the very subject which Ormond, from feelings of delicacy and honour, had anxiously avoided. Connal seemed to be perfectly aware how matters had stood before his arrival between Dora and our young hero. "It was all very well," he said—" quite natural—in the common course of things—impossible it should have been otherwise—A young woman, who saw no one else, must inevitably fall in love with the first agree-

able young man who made love to her—or who did not make love to her. It was quite equal to him which. He had heard wonders from his father-in-law elect on that last topic, and he was willing to oblige him, or any other gentleman or lady, by believing miracles."

Ormond, extremely embarrassed by the want of delicacy and feeling with which this polished coxcomb spoke, had, however, sufficient presence of mind to avoid, either by word or look, making any particular application of what was said.

"You have really prodigious presence of mind, and *discretion*, and *tact*, for a young man who has, I presume, had so little practice in these affairs," said Connal; "but don't constrain yourself longer. I speak frankly to take off all embarrassment on your part, you see there exists none on mine—never for a moment—no; how can it possibly sig-

nify," continued he, "to any man of common sense, who, or what, a woman liked before she saw him. You don't think a man, who has seen any thing of the world, would trouble himself to inquire whether he was, or was not, the first love of the woman he is going to marry. To *marry*—observe the emphasis—distinguish—distinguish, and seriously let us calculate."

Ormond gave no interruption to his calculations, and the petit-maitre, in a tone of philosophic fatuity, asked "of the numbers of your English or Irish wives—all excellent—how many, I pray you, do you calculate are now married to the man they first *fell in love with*, as they call it? My good Sir, not five per cent, depend on it. The thing is morally impossible, unless girls are married out of a convent, as with us in France, and very difficult even then; and after all, what are the French husbands the better for it? I understand English husbands think

themselves best off. I don't pretend to judge; but they seem to prefer what they call domestic happiness to the French *esprit de société*. Still, this may be prejudice of education—of country. Each nation has its taste—Every thing is for the best in this world for people who know how to make the best of it—You would not think, to look at me, I was so philosophic—but even in the midst of my military career I have thought—thought profoundly—Every body in France *thinks* now," said M. de Connal, taking a pinch of snuff with a very pensive air.

"*Every body* in France *thinks* now!" repeated Ormond.

"Every man of a certain rank, that is to say."

"That is to say of your rank?" said Ormond.

"Nay, I don't give myself as an example; but—you may judge—I own I am surprised to find myself philosophising

here in the Black Islands—but one philosophises every where."

"And you would have more time for it here, I should suppose, than at Paris."

"Time, my dear Sir—no such thing! Time is merely in idea; but *Tais toi Jean Jacques! Tais toi Condillac!* To resume the chain of our reasoning—love and marriage—I say it all comes to much the same thing in France and in these countries—after all. There is more gallantry, perhaps, before marriage in England, more after marriage in France—which has the better bargain? I don't pretend to decide. Philosophic doubt for me, especially in cases where 'tis not worth while to determine; but I see I astonish you, Mr. Ormond."

"You do, indeed," said Ormond, ingenuously.

"I give you joy—I envy you," said M. de Connal, sighing, "After a certain age, if one lives in the world one can't be astonished—that's a lost pleasure."

"To me who have lived out of the

world it is a pleasure, or rather a sensation—I am not sure whether I should call it a pleasure—that is not likely to be soon exhausted," said Ormond.

"A sensation! and you are not sure whether you should call it a pleasure. Do you know you've a genius for metaphysics?"

"I!" exclaimed Ormond.

"Ah! now I have astonished you again. Good! whether pleasurable or not, trust me, nothing is so improving to a young man as to be well astonished. Astonishment I conceive to be a sort of mental electric shock—electric fire; it opens at once and enlightens the understanding: and really you have an understanding so well worth enlightening—I do assure you, that your natural acuteness will, whenever and wherever you appear, make you *un homme marquant*."

"Oh! spare me, Mr. Connal," said Ormond. "I am not used to French compliment."

"No, upon my honour, without com-

pliment, in all English *bonhommie*" (laying his hand upon his heart)—" upon the honour of a gentleman, your remarks have sometimes perfectly astonished me."

" Really!" said Ormond; " but I thought you had lived so much in the world, you could not be astonished."

" I thought so, I own," said Connal; " but it was reserved for M. Ormond to convince me of my mistake, to revive an old pleasure—more difficult still than to invent a new one! In recompense, I hope I give you some new ideas—just throw out opinions for you.—Accept—reject—reject now—accept an hour, a year hence perhaps—just as it strikes—merely materials for thinking I give you."

" Thank you," said Ormond; " and be assured they are not lost upon me. You have given me a great deal to think of seriously."

" *Seriously!*—no; that's your fault, your national fault—Permit me—What you want chiefly in conversation—in

every thing, is a certain degree of—of—you have no English word—*lightness*."

"*Légèreté*, perhaps you mean," said Ormond.

"Precisely.—I forgot you understood French so well.—*Légèreté*—untranslateable!—You seize my idea."

He left Ormond, as he fancied, in admiration of the man who, in his own opinion, possessed the whole theory and practice of the art of pleasing, and the science of happiness.

M. de Connal's conversation and example might have produced a great effect on the mind of a youth of Ormond's strong passions, lively imagination, and total ignorance of the world, if he had met this brilliant officer in indifferent society.—Had he seen Connal only as a man shining in company, or considered him merely as a companion, he must have been dazzled by his fashion, charmed by his gaiety, and *imposed* upon by his decisive tone.

Had such a vision lighted on the Black Islands, and appeared to our hero suddenly, in any other circumstances but those in which it did appear, it might have struck and overawed him; and without inquiring "whether from Heaven or Hell," he might have followed where-ever it led or pointed the way. But in the form of a triumphant rival—without delicacy, without feeling, neither deserving or loving the woman he had won, —not likely to make Dora happy,—almost certain to make her father miserable,—there was no danger that Black Connal could ever obtain any ascendancy over Ormond; on the contrary, Connal was useful in forming our hero's character. The electric shock of astonishment did operate in a salutary manner in opening Harry's understanding: the materials for thinking were not thrown away: —he *did* think—even in the Black Islands,—and in judging of Connal's character, he made continual progress in

forming his own:—he had motive for exercising his judgment, he was anxious to study the man's character on Dora's account.

Seeing his unpolished friend, old Corny, and this finished young man of the world, in daily contrast, Ormond had occasion to compare the real and the factitious, both in matter and manner:—he distinguished, and felt often acutely, the difference between that politeness of the heart, which respects and sympathises with the feelings of others, and that conventional politeness, which is shewn merely to gratify the vanity of him by whom it is displayed. In the same way he soon discriminated in conversation between Corny's power of original thinking, and M. de Connal's knack of throwing old thoughts into new words; between the power of answering an argument, and the art of evading it by a repartee. But it was chiefly in comparing different ideas of happiness and modes of life, that our

young hero's mind was enlarged by Connal's conversation—whilst the comparison he secretly made between this polished gentleman's principles and his own was always more satisfactory to his pride of virtue than Connal's vanity could have conceived to be possible.

One day some conversation passed between Connal and *his father-in-law* elect, as he now always called him, upon his future plans of life.

Good Corny said he did not know how to hope that, during the few years he had to live, Connal would not think of taking his daughter from him to Paris, as from some words that had dropped from Mademoiselle, he had reason to fear.

" No," Connal said, " he had formed no such cruel intention :—the Irish half of Mademoiselle must have blundered on this occasion. He would do his utmost, if he could with honour, to retire from the service; unless the service imperiously

called him away, he should settle in Ireland:—he should make it a point even, independently of his duty to his own father, not to take Miss O'Shane from her country and her friends."

The father, open-hearted and generous himself, was fond to believe what he wished; and confiding in these promises, the old man forgave all that he did not otherwise approve in his future son-in-law, and thanked him almost with tears in his eyes; still repeating, as his natural penetration remonstrated against his credulity,

"But I could hardly have believed this from such a young man as you, Captain Connal. Indeed, how you could ever bring yourself to think of settling in retirement, is wonderful to me; but love does mighty things, brings about great changes."

French commonplaces of sentiment upon love, and compliments on Dora's charms and his own sensibility, were

poured out by Connal, and the father left the room satisfied.

Connal then, throwing himself back in his chair, burst out a laughing, and turning to Ormond, the only person in the room, said——

" Could you have conceived this?

" Conceived what, Sir?" said Ormond.

" Conceived this king Corny's capacity for belief? What!—believe that I will settle in his Black Islands—I!—as well believe me to be half marble, half man, like *the unfortunate* in the Black Islands of the Arabian Tales. Settle in the Black Islands!—No:—could you conceive a man on earth could be found so simple as to credit such a thing?"

" Here is another man on earth, who was simple enough to believe it," said Ormond, " and to give you credit for it."

" You!"—cried Connal, " That's too much!—Impossible—"

" But when you said it—when I heard you promise it to Mr. O'Shane—"

"Oh, mercy!—Don't kill me with laughing," said he, laughing affectedly. "Oh! that face of yours, there is no standing it. You heard me *promise*,—and the accent on *promise*. Why, even women, now-a-days, don't lay such an emphasis on *a promise*."

"That, I suppose, depends on who gives it," said Ormond.

"Rather on who receives it," said Connal; "but look here, you who understand the doctrine of promises, tell me what a poor conscientious man must do, who has two pulling him different ways."

"A conscientious man cannot have given two diametrically opposite promises."

"*Diametrically!*—Thank you for that word—it just saves my lost conscience. Commend me always to an epithet in the last resource for giving one latitude of conscience in these nice cases—I have not given two diametrically opposite—No: I have only given four that cross

one another. One to your king Corny; another to my angel, Dora; another to the dear aunt; and a fourth, to my dearer self. First promise to king Corny, to settle in the Black Islands; a gratuitous promise, signifying nothing,—read Burlamaqui: second promise to Mademoiselle, to go and live with her at Paris; with *her*,—on the face of it absurd! a promise, extorted too, under fear of my life, of immediate peril of being talked to death, see Vatel on extorted promises—void: third promise to my angel Dora, to live wherever she pleases; but that's a lover's promise made to be broken, see Love's Calendar, or, if you prefer the bookmen's authority, I don't doubt that, under the head of promises made when a man is not in his right senses, some of those learned fellows in wigs, would here bring me off *sain et sauf*: but now for my fourth promise, I am a man of honour—when I make a promise intending to keep it, no man so

scrupulous; all promises made to myself come under this head; and I have promised myself to live, and make my wife live, wherever I please, or not to live with her at all. This promise I shall hold sacred.—Oblige me with a smile, Mr. Ormond—a smile of approbation."

"Excuse me, Mr. Connal, that is impossible, I am sincere."

"So am I, and sincerely you are too romantic. See things as they are, as a man of the world, I beseech you."

"I am not a man of the world, and I thank God for it," cried Ormond.

"Thank your God for what you please," said Connal, "but in disdaining to be a man of the world, you will not, I hope, refuse to let me think you a man of common sense."

"Think what you please of me," said Ormond, rather haughtily, "what I think of myself is the chief point with me."

"You will lose this little brusquerie of manner," said Connal, "when you

have mixed more with mankind. Providentially, we are all made dependant on one another's good opinion. Even I, you see, cannot live without yours."

Whether from vanity, from the habit of wishing to charm every body in every house he entered, especially any one who made resistance; or whether he was piqued and amused with Ormond's frank and natural character, and determined to see how far he could urge him, Connal went on, though our young hero gave him no encouragement to hope that he should win his good opinion.

"Candidly," said he, "put yourself in my place for a moment—I was in England, following my own projects—I was not in love with the girl as you—Well,—pardon—as anybody might have been—But I was at a distance, that makes all the difference—I am sent for over by two fathers, and I am told that in consequence of my *droit d'ainé (right as*

eldest son,) and of some inconceivable promise between two Irish fathers over a punch-bowl, I am to have the refusal, I should rather say the acceptance, of a very pretty girl with a very pretty fortune.—Now, except just at the moment when the overture reached me, it could not have been listened to for a moment by such a man as I am."

"Insufferable coxcomb," said Ormond to himself.

"But to answer a question, which I omitted to answer just now to my father-in-law—What could induce me to come over and think of settling in the Black Islands? I answer—for I am determined to win your confidence by my candour, I answer in one word, *un billard*—a billiard table. To tell you all, I confess—"

"Confess nothing, I beg, Mr. Connal, to me, that you do not wish to be known to Mr. O'Shane, I am his friend—he *is* my benefactor."

"You would not repeat—you are a gentleman, and a man of honour."

"I am: and as such I desire, on this occasion, not to hear what I ought neither to repeat nor to keep secret—It is my duty not to leave my benefactor in the dark as to any point."

"Oh, come—come," interrupted Connal, "we had better not take it on this serious tone, lest, if we begin to talk of duty, we should presently conceive it to be our duty to run one another through the body, which would be no pleasure."

"No pleasure," said Ormond, "but if it became a duty, I hope, on all occasions, I should be able to do whatever I thought a duty.—Therefore to avoid any misunderstanding, Mr. Connal, let me beg that you will not honour me further with your confidence. I cannot undertake to be the confidant of any one, of whom I have never professed myself to be the friend."

"Çà suffit," said Connal, lightly. "We

understand one another now perfectly—you shall in future play the part of *prince*, and not of confidant.—Pardon me, I forgot your highness's pretensions;" so saying, he gaily turned on his heel, and left the room.

From this time forward, little conversation passed between Mr. Connal and Ormond,—little indeed between Ormond and Dora. With Mademoiselle, Ormond had long ceased to be a favourite, and even her loquacity now seldom addressed itself to him.—He was in a painful situation;—he spent as much of his time as he could at the farm his friend had given him. As soon as O'Shane found, that there was no truth in the report of Black Connal's intended marriage in England, that he claimed in earnest his promise of his daughter, and that Dora herself inclined to the new love, his kind heart felt for poor Harry.

Though he did not know all that had passed, yet he saw the awkwardness and

difficulty of Ormond's present situation, and, whatever it might cost him to part with his young friend, with his adopted son, Corny determined not to detain him longer.

"Harry Ormond, my boy," said he to him one day, "time for you to see something of the world, also for the world to see something of you; I've kept you here for my own pleasure too long,—as long as I had any *hope* of settling you as I wished, 'twas a sufficient excuse to myself; but now I have none left—I must part with you: and so, by the blessing, God helping me to conquer my selfishness, and the yearnings of my heart towards you, I will.—I mean," continued he, "to send you far from me, to banish you for your good from the Black Islands entirely. Nay, don't you interrupt me, nor say a word, for if you do, I shall be too soft to have the heart to do you justice. You know you said yourself, and I felt it for you, that it was best you

should leave this. Well, I have been thinking of you ever since, and licking different projects into shape for you—listening too to every thing Connal threw out; but all he says that way is in the air—no substance, when you try to have and to hold—too full of himself, that youngster, to be a friend to another."

"There is no reason why he should be my friend, Sir," said Ormond, "I do not pretend to be his,—and I rejoice in not being under any obligations to him."

"Right!—and high!—Just as I feel for you. After all, I approve of your own wish to go into the British service in preference to any foreign service, and you could not be of the Irish Brigade—Harry."

"Indeed, Sir, I infinitely prefer," said Ormond, "the service of my own country—the service in which my father—I know nothing of my father, but I have always heard him spoken of as a good officer, I hope I shall not disgrace

his name.—The English service for me, Sir, if you please."

"Why then I'm glad you see things as I do, and are not run away with by uniform, and *all that*.—I have lodged the needful in the Bank, to purchase a commission for you, my son. Now! no more go to thank me, if you love me, Harry—than you would your own father. I've written to a friend to chuse a regiment in which there'd be as little danger as possible for you."

"As little danger as possible!" repeated Harry, surprised.

"Phoo! you don't think I mean as little danger of fighting.—I would not wrong you so.—No:—but as little danger of gambling.—Not that you're inclined to it, or any thing else that's bad—but there is no knowing what company might lead the best into; and it is my duty and inclination to look as close to all these things, as if for my own son."

"My kind father—no father could be kinder," cried Harry, quite overpowered.

"So then you go as soon as the commission comes.—That's settled—and I hope I shall be able to bear it, Harry, old as I am. There may perhaps be a delay of a little time longer than you could wish."

"Oh, Sir, as long as you wish me to stay with you—"

"Not a minute beyond what's necessary.—I mention the cause of delay, that you may not think I'm dallying for my own sake. You remember General Albemarle, who came here one day last year—election time, canvassing—the general that had lost the arm."

"Perfectly, Sir, I remember your answer—'I will give my interest to this *empty sleeve.*'"

"Thank you—never a word lost upon you. Well, now I have hopes that this man—this general, will take you by the hand, for he has a hand left yet, and a pow-

erful one to serve a friend; and I've requested him to keep his eye upon you, and I have asked his advice—so we can't stir till we get it, and that will be eight days, or ten, say. My boy, you must bear on as you are—we have the comfort of the workshop to ourselves, and some rational recreation; good shooting we will have soon too for the first time this season."

Among the various circumstances which endeared Harry to our singular monarch, his skill and keenness as a sportsman were not inconsiderable:—he was an excellent horseman, and an excellent shot; and he knew where all the game in the island was to be found, so that, when his good old patron was permitted by the gout to take the field, Harry's assistance saved him a vast deal of unnecessary toil, and gratified him in his favourite amusement, whilst he, at the same time, sympathised in the sport. Corny, beside being a good shot, was an excellent mechanic; he beguiled the hours, when there was

neither hunting nor shooting, in a workshop which was furnished with the best tools. Among the other occupations at the work-bench, he was particularly skilful in making and adjusting the locks of guns, and in boring and polishing the inside of their barrels to the utmost perfection; he had contrived and executed a tool for the enlarging the barrel of a gun in any particular part so as to increase its effect in adding to the force of the discharge, and in preventing the shot from scattering too widely.

The hope of the success of his contrivance, and the prospect of going out with Harry on the approaching first of September, solaced king Corny, and seemed to keep up his spirits, through all the vexation he felt concerning Connal and this marriage, which evidently was not to his taste. It was to Dora's, however, and was becoming more evidently so every hour—and soon M. Connal pressed, and Mademoiselle urged, and

Dora named the happy day—and Mademoiselle, in transports, prepared to go to Dublin, with her niece, to chuse the wedding-clothes, and Connal to bespeak the equipages.

Mademoiselle was quick in her operations when dress was in question—the preparations for the delightful journey were soon made—the morning for their departure came—the carriage and horses were sent over the water early—and O'Shane and Harry afterwards accompanied the party in the boat to the other side of the lake, where the carriage waited with the door open. Connal, after handing in Mademoiselle, turned to look for his destined bride—who was taking leave of her father—Harry Ormond standing by. The moment she quitted her father's embrace, father Jos poured with both his hands on her head the benedictions of all the saints. Released from father Jos, Captain Connal hurried her on, Harry held out his hand to her as she passed—

"'Good by, Dora, probably I shall never see you again."

"Oh, Harry!" said she, one touch of natural feeling stopping her short.

"Oh, Harry!—Why?" bursting into tears, she drew her hand from Connal, and gave it to Harry; Harry received the hand openly and cordially, shook it heartily, but took no advantage, and no notice of the feelings by which he saw her at that moment agitated.

"*Forgive!*" she began.

"Good by, *dear* Dora.—God bless you—may you be as happy—half as happy as I wish you to be."

"To be sure she will—happy as the day is long," said Mademoiselle, leaning out of the carriage, "why will you make her cry, Mr. Ormond, spoiling her eyes at parting. Come in to me, Dora, M. de Connal is waiting to hand you, mon enfant."

"Is her dressing-box in, and all right," asked Captain Connal, as he handed

Dora into the carriage, who was still weeping.

"Bad compliment to M. de Connal, mon amie. Vrai scandale!" said Mademoiselle, pulling up the glass, while Dora sunk back in the carriage, sobbing without restraint.

"Good morning," said Connal, who had now mounted his horse, "au révoir, mon beau-père," and bowing gracefully to Mr. Ormond, "Adieu, Mr. Ormond, command me, in any way you please.—Drive on!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE evening after the departure of the happy trio, who were gone to Dublin to buy wedding dresses, the party remaining at Castle Corny consisted only of king Corny, Ormond, and father Jos. When the candles were lighted, his majesty gave a long and loud yawn, Harry set the backgammon table for him, and father Jos, as usual, settled himself in the chimney corner; "and now mademoiselle's gone," said he, "I shall take leave to indulge myself in my pipe."

"You were on the continent this morning, father Jos," said Cornelius, "Did ye learn any news for us? Size ace! that secures two points."

"News! I did," said father Jos.

"Why not tell it us then?"

"I was not asked. You both seemed so wrapped up, I waited my time and opportunity. There's a new parson come to Castle Hermitage."

"What new person?" said king Corny. "Doublets, aces, Harry."

"A new parson I'm talking of," said father Jos, "that has just got the living there; and they say Sir Ulick's mad about it, in Dublin, where he is still."

"Mad!—Three men up—and you can't enter, Harry. Well, what is he mad about?"

"Because of the presentation to the living," replied the priest, "which government wouldn't make him a compliment of, as he expected."

"He is always expecting compliments from government," said Corny, "and always getting disappointments—Such throws as you have, Harry—Sixes! again—Well, what luck!—all over with me—

It is only a hit at any rate! But what kind of man," continued he, "is this new clergyman?"

"Oh! them parsons is all one kind," said father Jos.

"All one kind! No, no more than our own priests," said Corny. "There's good and bad, and all the difference in life."

"I don't know any thing at all about it," said father Jos, sullenly; "but this I know, that no doubt he'll soon be over here, or his proctor, looking for the tithes."

"I hope we will have no quarrels," said Corny.

"They ought to be abolished," said father Jos, "the tithes, that is, I mean."

"And the quarrels too, I hope," said Ormond.

"Oh! It's not our fault if there's quarrels," said father Jos.

"Faults on both sides generally in all quarrels," said Corny

"In lay quarrels like enough," said father Jos. "In church quarrels it don't become a good Catholic to say that."

"What?" said Corny.

"*That*," said the priest.

"Which?" said Corny.

"That which you said, that there's faults on both sides; sure there's but one side, and that's our own side, can be in the right—there can't be two *right sides*, can there? and consequently there won't be two wrong sides, will there?—Ergo, there cannot, by a parity of *ra*soning, be two sides in the wrong."

"Well, Harry, I'll take the black men now, and gammon you," said Corny. "Play away, man—what are you thinking of—is it of what father Jos said—'tis beyond the limits of the human understanding."

Father Jos puffed away at his pipe for some time.

"I was tired and ashamed of all the wrangling for two-pence with the last

man," said king Corny, "and I believe I was sometimes too hard and too hot myself; but if this man's a gentleman, I think we shall agree—Did you hear his name, or any thing at all about him, father?"

"He is one of them refugee families, the Huguenots, banished France by the adict of Nantz—they say—and his name's Cambray."

"Cambray!" exclaimed Ormond.

"A very good name," said O'Shane; "but what do you know of it, Harry?"

"Only, Sir, I happened to meet with a Dr. Cambray the winter I was in Dublin, whom I thought a very agreeable, respectable, amiable man—and I wonder whether this is the same person."

"There is something more now, Harry Ormond, I know by your face," said Corny: "there's some story of or belonging to Dr. Cambray—what is it?"

"No story, only a slight circumstance—which, if you please, I'd rather not tell you, Sir," said Ormond.

"That is something very extraordi-

nary, and looks mysterious," said father Jos.

"Nothing mysterious, I assure you," said Ormond—"a mere trifle, which, if it concerned only myself, I would tell directly."

"Let him alone, father," said king Corny, "I am sure he has a good reason—and I'm not curious—only let me whisper this in your ear to shew you my own penetration, Harry—I'd lay my life" (said he, stretching over and whispering)—"I'd lay my life Miss Annaly has something to do with it."

"Miss Annaly!—nothing in the world—only—yes, I recollect she was present."

"There now—would not any body think I'm a conjurer—a physiognomist is cousin (and not twice removed) from a conjurer."

"But I assure you, though you happened to guess right partly as to her being present, you are totally mistaken, Sir, as to the rest."

"My dear Harry, *totally* means *wholly*—if I'm right in a part, I can't be mistaken in the whole—I am glad to make you smile any way—and I wish I was right altogether, and that you was as rich as Crœsus into the bargain; but stay a bit—if you come home a hero from the wars—that may do—ladies are mighty fond of heroes."

It was in vain that Ormond assured his good old imaginative friend that he was upon a wrong scent. Cornelius stopped to humour him; but was convinced that he was right; then turned to the still smoking father Jos, and went on asking questions about Dr. Cambray.

"I know nothing at all about him," said father Jos, "but this, that father M'Cormuck has dined with him, if I'm not misinformed, oftener than I think becoming in these times—making too free! And in the chapel last Sunday, I hear he made a very extraordinary address to his flock—there was one took

down the words, and handed them to me—after remarking on the great distress of the season—first and foremost about the keeping of fast days the year—he allowed *the poor* of his flock, which is almost all, to eat meat whenever offered to them, because, said he, many would starve—now mark the obnoxious words—'if it was not for their benevolent Protestant neighbours, who make soup and broth for them.'"

"What is there obnoxious in that?" said Cornelius.

"Wait till you hear the end—'and feed and clothe the distressed.'"

"That is not obnoxious either, I hope," said Ormond, laughing.

"Young gentleman, you belong to the establishment, and are no judge in this case, permit me to remark," said father Jos; "and I could wish Mr. O'Shane would hear to the end, before he joins in a Protestant laugh."

"I've heard of 'a Protestant wind'

before," said Harry—"but not of a Protestant laugh."

"Well, I'm serious, father Jos," said Corny, "let me hear to the end what makes your face so long."

"'And, I am sorry to say, shew more charity to them than their own people, the rich Catholics, sometimes do.'—If that is not downright slander, I don't know what is," said father Jos.

"Are you sure it is not truth, father?" said Corny.

"And if it was, even, so much the worse, to be telling it in the chapel and to his flock—very improper in a priest—very extraordinary conduct!"

Father Jos worked himself up to a high pitch of indignation, and railed and smoked for some time, while O'Shane and Ormond joined in defending M'Cormuck, and his address to his flock—and even his dining with the new clergyman of the parish. Father Jos gave up, and had his punch.—The result of the

whole was, that Ormond proposed to pay his respects the next morning to Dr. Cambray.

"Very proper," said O'Shane—"do so—fit you should—you are of his people, and you are acquainted with the gentleman—and I'd have you go and shew yourself safe to him, that we've made no tampering with you."

Father Jos could not say so much, therefore he said nothing.

O'Shane continued, "A very exact church goer at the little church there you've always been, at the other side of the lake—I never hindered—make what compliment you will proper for me—say I'm too old and clumsy for morning visitings, and never go out of my islands. But still I can love my neighbour in or out of them, and hope, in the name of peace, to be on good terms. Sha'n't be my fault if them tithes come across. Then I wish that bone of contention was from between the two churches. Mean time, I'm not

snarling, if others is not craving; and I'd wish for the look of it, for your sake, Harry, that it should be all smooth; so say any thing you will for me to this Dr. Cambray,—though we are of a different faith, I should do any thing in r*a*son."

"R*a*son! what's that about r*a*son?" said father Jos, "I hope faith comes before r*a*son."

"And after it, too, I hope, father," said Corny.

Father Jos finished his punch, and went to sleep upon it.

Ormond, next morning, paid his visit—Dr. Cambray was not at home; but Harry was charmed with the neatness of his house, and with the amiable and happy appearance of his family. He had never before seen Mrs. Cambray or her daughters, though he had met the doctor in Dublin. The circumstance which Harry had declined mentioning, when Corny questioned him about his acquaintance with Dr. Cambray, was very slight, though

father Jos had imagined it to be of mysterious importance. It had happened, that among the dissipated set of young men with whom Marcus O'Shane and Harry had passed that winter in Dublin, a party had one Sunday gone to hear the singing at the Asylum, and had behaved in a very unbecoming manner during the service. Dr. Cambray preached—He spoke to the young gentlemen afterwards with mild but becoming dignity. Harry Ormond instantly, sensible of his error, made proper apologies, and erred no further. But Marcus O'Shane in particular, who was not accustomed to endure any thing, much less any person, that crossed his humour, spoke of Dr. Cambray afterwards with vindictive bitterness, and with all his talents of mimickry endeavoured to make him ridiculous. Harry defended him with a warmth of ingenuous eloquence which did him honour: and with truth, courage, and candour,

that did him still more, corrected some of Marcus's misstatements, declaring that they had all been much to blame. Lady Annaly and her daughter were present, and this was one of the circumstances to which her ladyship had alluded, when she said that some things had occurred, that had prepossessed her with a favourable opinion of Ormond's character. Dr. Cambray knew nothing of the attack or the defence till some time afterwards; and it was now so long ago, and Harry was so much altered since that time, that it was scarcely to be expected the doctor should recollect even his person. However, when Dr. Cambray came to the Black Islands to return his visit, he did immediately recognize Ormond, and seemed so much pleased with meeting him again, and so much interested about him, that Corny's warm heart was immediately won. Independently of this, the doctor's persuasive benevolent politeness could not have failed to operate, as it

usually did, even on a first acquaintance in pleasing and conciliating even those who were of opposite opinions.

"There, now," said Corny, when the doctor was gone—"There, now, is a sincere minister of the Gospel for you, and a polite gentleman into the bargain. Now that's politeness, that does not trouble me—that's not for show—that's for *us*, not *himself*, mark!—and conversation! Why that man has conversation for the prince and the peasant—the courtier and the anchorite. Did not he find plenty for me, and got more out of me than I thought was in me—and the same if I'd been a monk of La Trappe, he would have made me talk like a pie. Now there's a man of the high world that the low world can like, very different from—"

Poor Corny paused, checked himself, and then resumed—

"Principles, religion, and all no hindrance!—liberal and sincere too! Well! I only wish—father Jos, no offence—I only wish for Dr. Cambray's sake,

and the Catholic church's sake, I was, for one day, Archbishop of Canterbury, or Primate of all Ireland, or whatever else makes the bishops in your church, and I'd skip over dean and archdeacon, and all, and make that man clean a bishop before night."

Harry smiled, and wished he had the power as well as the good will.

Father Jos said, "a man ought to be ashamed not to think of his *own* first."

"Now, Harry, don't think I'd make a bishop lightly," continued king Corny,— "I would not—I've been a king too long for that; and though only a king of my own fashion, I know what's fit for governing a country, observe me!—Cousin Ulick would make a job of a bishop, but I would not—nor I would'nt to please my fancy. Now don't think I'd make that man a bishop just because he noticed and praised my gimcracs, and inventions, and *substitutes.*"

Father Jos smiled, and demurely abased his eye.

"Oh! then you don't know me as well as you think you do, father," said O'Shane. —"Nor what's more, Harry,—not his noting down the two regiments to make inquiry for friends for you, Harry, shouldn't have bribed me to partiality—though I could have kissed his shoe-ties for it."

"Mercy on you!" said father Jos—"This doctor has bewitched you."

"But did you mind, then," persisted Corny, "the way he spoke of that cousin of mine, Sir Ulick, who he saw I did not like, and who has been, as you tell us, bitter against him, and even against his getting the living. Well, the way this Doctor Cambray spoke then, pleased me—good morals without preaching—there's *do good to your enemies*—The true Christian doctrine—and the hardest point. Oh! let father Jos say what he will, there's the man will be in Heaven before many—heretic or no heretic, Harry!"

Father Jos shrugged up his shoulders,

and then fixing the glass in his spectacles, replied—

"We shall see better when we come to the tithes."

"That's true," said Corny.

He walked off to his workshop, and took down his fowling piece to put the finishing stroke to his work for the next day, which was to be the first day of partridge shooting—he looked forward with delight—anticipating the gratification he should have in going out shooting with Harry, and trying his new fowling piece.—"But I won't go out to-morrow till the post has come in, for my mind couldn't enjoy the sport till I was satisfied whether the answer could come about your commission, Harry;—my mind misgives me—that is, my calculation tells me, that it will come to-morrow."

Good Corny's calculations were just—the next morning the little post boy brought answers to various letters which he had written about Ormond—one to

Ormond from Sir Ulick O'Shane, repeating his approbation of his ward's going into the army; approving of all the steps Cornelius had taken—especially of his intention of paying for the commission.

"All well," Cornelius said—The next letter was from Cornelius's banker, saying, that the five hundred pound was lodged, ready.—"All well."—The army agent wrote, "that he had commissions in two different regiments, waiting Mr. O'Shane's choice and orders per return of post, to purchase *in conformity.*"—"That's all well." General Albemarle's answer to Mr. O'Shane's letter was most satisfactory—in terms that were not merely *officially* polite, but kind; "he assured Mr. O'Shane that he should, as far as it was in his power, pay attention to the young gentleman, whom Mr. O'Shane had so strongly recommended to his care, and by whose appearance and manner the general said he had been prepossessed, when he saw him some months ago at

Corny Castle. There was a commission vacant in his son's regiment, which he recommended to Mr. Ormond."

"The very thing I could have wished for you, my dear boy;—you shall go off the day after to-morrow—not a moment's delay—I'll answer the letters this minute."

But Harry reminded him, that the post did not go out till the next day, and urged him not to lose this fine day—this first day of the season for partridge shooting.

"Time enough for my business after we come home—the post does not go out till morning."

"That's true—come off, then—let's enjoy the fine day sent us, and my gun too—I forgot;—for I do believe, Harry, I love you better even than my gun," said the warm-hearted Corny. "Call Moriarty! let us have him with us, he'll enjoy it beyond all—one of the last day's shooting with his own prince

Harry!—but, poor fellow, we'll not tell him that."

Moriarty and the dogs were summoned, and the fineness of the day, and the promise of good sport, put Moriarty in remarkably good spirits. By degrees king Corny's own spirits rose, and he forgot that it was the last day with prince Harry, and he enjoyed the sport. After various trials of his new fowling-piece, both the king and the prince agreed, that it succeeded to admiration. But even in the midst of his pride in his success, and his joy in the sport, his superior fondness for Harry prevailed, and shewed itself in little, almost delicate instances of kindness, which could hardly have been expected from his unpolished mind. As they crossed a bog, he stooped every now and then, and plucked different kinds of bog-plants and heaths.

"Here, Harry," said he, "mind these for Dr. Cambray.—Remember yesterday his mentioning that a daughter of his

was making a botanical collection, and there's Sheelah can tell you all the Irish names and uses.—Some I can note for you myself;—and here, this minute, by great luck! the very thing he wanted! the andromeda, I'll swear to it:—throw away all and keep this—carry it to her to-morrow—for I will have you make a friend of that Dr. Cambray;—and no way so sure or fair to the father's heart, as by proper attention to the daughter—I know that by myself.—Hush, now! till I have that partridge!—Whirr!—Shot him clean—my dear gun!—Was not that good, Harry?"

Thus they continued their sport till late; and returning, loaded with game, had nearly reached the palace, when Corny, who had marked a covey, quitted Harry, and sent his dog to spring it, at a distance much greater than the usual reach of a common fowling-piece. Harry heard a shot, and a moment afterwards a violent shout of despair;—he knew

the voice to be that of Moriarty, and running to the spot from whence it came, he found his friend, his benefactor, weltering in his blood. The fowling-piece, overloaded, had burst, and a large splinter of the barrel had fractured the skull, and had sunk into the brain. As Moriarty was trying to raise his head, O'Shane uttered some words, of which all that was intelligible was the name of Harry Ormond. His eye was fixed on Harry, but the meaning of the eye was gone. He squeezed Harry's hand, and an instant afterwards O'Shane's hand was powerless. The dearest, the only real friend Harry Ormond had upon earth, was gone for ever!

CHAPTER XVII.

A BOY passing by saw what had happened, and ran to the house, calling as he went to some workmen, who hastened to the place, where they heard the howling of the dogs. Ormond neither heard nor saw—till Moriarty said—"He must be carried home;" and some one approaching to lift the body, Ormond started up, pushed the man back, without uttering a syllable—made a sign to Moriarty, and between them they carried the body home.—Sheelah and the women came out to meet them, wringing their hands, and uttering loud lamentations. Ormond, bearing his burden as if insensi-

ble of what he bore, walked onward, looking at no one, answering none, but forcing his way straight into the house, and on—till they came to O'Shane's bed-chamber, which was upon the ground floor—there laid him on his bed.—The women had followed, and all those who had gathered on the way rushed in to see and to bewail. Ormond looked up, and saw the people about the bed, and made a sign to Moriarty to keep them away, which he did, as well as he could. —But they would not be kept back—Sheelah, especially, pressed forward, crying loudly, till Moriarty, with whom she was struggling, pointed to Harry.—Struck with his fixed look, she submitted at once—"*Best leave him!*" said she.—She put every body out of the room before her, and turning to Ormond, said, they would leave him "a little space of time till the priest should come, who was at a clergy dinner, but was sent for."

When Ormond was left alone he lock-

ed the door, and kneeling beside the dead, offered up prayers for the friend he had lost, and there remained some time in stillness and silence, till Sheelah knocked at the door, to let him know that the priest was come.—Then retiring, he went to the other end of the house, to be out of the way. The room to which he went was that in which they had been reading the letters just before they went out that morning.—There was the pen which Harry had taken from his hand, and the answer just begun.

"Dear General, I hope my young friend, Harry Ormond—"

That hand could write no more!—That warm heart was cold!—The certainty was so astonishing, so stupifying, that Ormond, having never yet shed a tear, stood with his eyes fixed on the paper, he knew not how long, till he felt some one touch his hand.—It was the child, little Tommy, of whom O'Shane was

so fond, and who was so fond of him. The child, with his whistle in his hand, stood looking up at Harry, without speaking. Ormond gazed on him for a few instants, then snatched him in his arms, and burst into an agony of tears.—Sheelah, who had let the child in, now came and carried him away.—"God be thanked for them tears," said she, "they will bring relief"—and so they did.—The necessity for manly exertion—the sense of duty—pressed upon Ormond's recovered reason. He began directly, and wrote all the letters that were necessary, to his guardian and to Miss O'Faley, to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Dora. The letters were not finished till late in the evening. Sheelah came for them, and leaving the door, and the outer door to the hall open, as she came in, Ormond saw the candles lighted, and smelt the smell of tobacco and whiskey, and heard the sound of many voices.

"The wake, dear, which is, beginning," said she hastening back to shut

the doors, as she saw him shudder—"Bear with it, Master Harry," said she—"hard for you!—but bear with us, dear, 'tis the custom of the country—and what else can we do but what the forefathers did—how else for us to shew respect, only as it would be expected, and has always been?—and great comfort to think we done our best, for *him that is gone*—and comfort to know his wake will be talked of long hereafter, over the fires at night, of all the people that is there without—and that's all we have for it now—so bear with it, dear."

This night, and for two succeeding nights, the doors of Corny Castle remained open for all who chose to come.

Crowds, as many, and more than the Castle could hold, flocked to king Corny's wake, for he was greatly beloved.

There was, as Sheelah said, "plenty of cake, and wine, and tea, and tobacco, and snuff—every thing handsome as possible, and honourable to the deceased,

who was always open-handed and open-hearted, and with open house too."

His praises, from time to time, were heard, and then the common business of the country was talked of—and jesting and laughter went on—and all night there were tea-drinkings for the women, and punch for the men. Sheelah, who inwardly grieved most, went about incessantly through the crowd, serving all, seeing that none, especially them who came from a distance, should be neglected—and that none should have to complain afterwards, "or to say that any thing at all was wanting or niggardly." Mrs. Betty, Sheelah's daughter, sat presiding at the tea-table, giving the keys to her mother when wanted, but never forgetting to ask for them again. Little Tommy took his cake, and hid himself under the table, close by his mother, Mrs. Betty; and could not be tempted out but by Sheelah, whom he followed, watching for her to go in to Mr. Harry;—when the door

opened, he held by her gown, and squeezed in under her arm—and when she brought Mr. Harry his meals, she would set the child up at the table with him *for company*—and to tempt him to take something.

Ormond had once promised his deceased friend, that if he was in the country when he died, he would put him into his coffin.—He kept his promise.—The child hearing a noise, and knowing that Mr. Harry had gone into the room, could not be kept out;—the crowd had left that room, and the child looked at the bed with the curtains looped up with black—and at the table at the foot of the bed, with the white cloth spread over it, and the seven candlesticks placed upon it.—But the coffin fixed his attention, and he threw himself upon it, clinging to it, and crying bitterly upon king Corny, his dear king Corny, to come back to him.

It was all Sheelah could do to drag him away;—Ormond, who had always liked this boy, felt now more fond of him than ever, and resolved that he should never want a friend.

"You are in the mind to attend the funeral, Sir, I think you told me," said Sheelah.

"Certainly," replied Ormond.

"Excuse me, then," said Sheelah, "if I mention—for you can't know what to do without.—There will be high mass, may be you know, in the chapel.—And as it's a great funeral, thirteen priests will be there, attending.—And when the mass will be finished, it will be expected of you, as first of kin considered, to walk up first with your offering—whatsoever you think fit, for the priests—and to lay it down on the altar;—and then each and all will follow, laying down their offerings, according as they can.—I hope I'm not too bold or troublesome, Sir."

Ormond thanked her for her kind-

ness,—and felt it was real kindness.—He, consequently, did all that was expected from him *handsomely*. After the masses were over, the priests, who could not eat any thing before they said mass, had breakfast and dinner joined.—Sheelah took care " the clergy was well served." —Then the priests—though it was not essential that *all* should go, did *all*, to Sheelah's satisfaction, accompany the funeral the *whole way*, three long miles, to the burying-place of the O'Shanes; a remote old abbey ground, marked only by some scattered trees, and a few sloping grave stones. King Corny's funeral was followed by an immense concourse of people, on horseback and on foot; men, women, and children;—when they passed by the doors of cabins, a set of the women raised the funeral cry—not a savage howl, as is the custom in some parts of Ireland, but chaunting a kind of funeral cry, not without harmony, simple and pathetic. Ormond was con-

vinced, that in spite of all the festivity at the wake, which had so disgusted him, the poor people mourned sincerely for the friend they had lost.

We forgot to mention, that Dr. Cambray went to the Black Islands the day after O'Shane's death, and did all he could to prevail upon Ormond to go to his house while the wake was going on, and till the funeral should be over. But Ormond thought it right to stay where he was, as none of the family were there, and there was no way in which he could so strongly mark, as Sheelah said, his respect for the dead. Now that it was all over, he had at least the consolation of thinking, that he had not shrunk from any thing that was, or that he conceived to be his duty. Doctor Cambray was pleased with his conduct, and at every moment he could spare went to see him, doing all he could to console him, by strengthening in Ormond's mind the feelings of religious submission to the

the will of Heaven, and of pious hope and confidence. Ormond had no time left him for the indulgence of sorrow—business pressed upon him.

Cornelius O'Shane's will, which Sir Ulick blamed Harry for not mentioning in the first letter, was found to be at his banker's in Dublin. All his property was left to his daughter, except the farm, which he had given to Ormond; this was specially excepted, with legal care: also a legacy of five hundred pounds was left to Harry; a provision for little Tommy; a trifling bequest to Sir Ulick, being his cousin; and legacies to servants. Miss O'Faley was appointed sole executrix—this gave great umbrage to Sir Ulick O'Shane, and appeared extraordinary to many people; but the will was in due form, and nothing could be done against it, however much might be said.

Miss O'Faley, without taking notice of any thing Ormond said of the money,

which had been lodged in the bank, to pay for his commission, wrote as executrix to beg of him to do various business for her; all which he did—and fresh letters came with new requests, inventories to be taken, things to be sent to Dublin, money to be received and paid, stewards' and agents' accounts to be settled, business of all kinds, in short, came pouring in—upon him, a young man unused to it, and with a mind peculiarly averse from it at this moment. But when he found that he could be of service to any one belonging to his benefactor, he felt bound in gratitude, to exert himself to the utmost. These circumstances, however disagreeable, had an excellent effect upon his character; giving him habits of business, which were ever afterwards of use to him. It was remarkable that the only point in his letters, which had concerned his own affairs, still continued unanswered. Another circumstance hurt his feelings—instead of Miss O'Faley's writing to make her own requests, Mr.

Connal was soon deputed by Mademoiselle to write for her. He spoke of 'the shock the ladies had felt, and the distressing circumstances in which they were; all in commonplace phrases, which Ormond despised, and from which he could judge nothing of Dora's real feelings.

"The marriage must, of course," Mr. Connal said, "be put off for some time: and as it would be painful to the ladies to return to Corny Castle, he had advised their staying in Dublin; and they and he feeling assured that, from Mr. Ormond's regard for the family, they might take the liberty of troubling him, they requested so and so, and the *executrix* begged he would see this settled and that settled"—at last, with gradually forgotten apologies, falling very much into the style of a person writing to an humble friend or dependant, bound to consider requests as commands.

Our young hero's pride was piqued

on the one side, as much as his gratitude was alive on the other.

Sir Ulick O'Shane wrote to Harry that he was at this time *peculiarly* engaged with affairs of his own.—He said, that as to the material point of the money lodged for the commission, he would see the executrix, and do what he could to have that settled; but as to all lesser points, Sir Ulick said, he really had not leisure to answer letters at present.—He enclosed a note to Dr. Cambray, whom he recommended it to his ward to consult, and whose advice and assistance he now requested for him in pressing terms.

In consequence of this direct application from the young gentleman's guardian, Dr. Cambray felt himself authorised and called upon to interfere, where, otherwise, delicacy might have prevented him. It was fortunate for Ormond, that he had Dr. Cambray's counsel to guide him, or else he would, in the first moments of feeling, have yielded too much to the suggestions of both gratitude and pride.

In the first impulse of generous pride, Ormond wanted to give up the farm which his benefactor had left him, because he wished, that no possible suspicion of interested motives having influenced his attachment to Cornelius O'Shane should exist; especially with Mr. Connal, who, as the husband of Dora, would soon be the lord of all in the Black Islands.

On the other hand, when Mr. Connal wrote to him, that the executrix, having no written order from the deceased to that effect, could not pay the five hundred pounds, lodged in the bank, for his commission, Ormond was on the point of flying out with intemperate indignation—

"Was not his own word sufficient—was not the intention of his benefactor apparent from the letters—would not this justify any executor, any person of common sense or honour?"

Dr. Cambray, his experienced and

placid counsellor, brought all these sentiments to due measure, by mildly showing what was law and justice; and what was fit and proper in each case; putting jealous honour, and romantic generosity, as they must be put, out of the question in business.

He prevented Ormond from embroiling himself with Connal about the legacy, and from giving up his farm.—He persuaded him to decline having any thing to do with the affairs of the Black Islands.

A proper agent was appointed, who saw Ormond's accounts settled and signed, so that no blame or suspicion could rest upon him. It is unnecessary to enter into particulars, but it is essential to observe, that in the course of these affairs Dr. Cambray had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of Ormond's conduct and character, which confirmed his attachment to our young hero.

"There seems no probability, Mr. Or-

mond," said Dr. Cambray, "of your commission being immediately purchased. Your guardian, Sir Ulick O'Shane, will be detained some time longer, I understand, in Dublin. You are in a desolate situation here—you have now done all that you ought to do—leave these Black Islands, and come to Vicar's Vale—you will find there a cheerful family, and means of spending your time more agreeably, perhaps more profitably, than you can have here.—I am sensible that no new friends *can* supply to you the place of him you have lost; but you will find pleasure in the perception, that you have, by your own merit, attached to you one friend in me, who will do all in his power to soothe and serve you. Will you *trust* yourself to me?" added he smiling. "You have already found that I do not flatter. Will you come to us?—The sooner the better—to-morrow if you can."

It scarcely need be said, that this invitation was most cordially accepted.

Next day Ormond was to leave the Black Islands; Sheelah was in despair when she found he was going: the child hung upon him so, that he could hardly get out of the house, till Moriarty promised to return for the boy, and carry him over in the boat often, to see Mr. Ormond. Moriarty would not stay in the islands himself, he said, after Harry went—he let the cabin, and little tenement which O'Shane had given him, and the rent was to be paid him by the agent.—Ormond went, for the last time, that morning, to Ormond's Vale, to settle his own affairs there; he and Moriarty took an unusual path across this part of the island to the water side, that they might avoid that which they had followed the last time they were out, on the day of Corny's death. They went, therefore, across a lone track of heath bog; where, for a considerable time, they saw no living being.

On this bog, of which Cornelius O'Shane had given Moriarty a share, the grateful poor fellow had, the year before, amused himself with cutting in large letters of about a yard long, the words—

"LONG LIVE KING CORNY."

He had sowed the letters with broom seed in the spring, and had since forgotten ever to look at them,—but they were now green, and struck the eye.

"Think then of this being all the trace that's left of him on the face of the earth!" said Moriarty, "I'm glad I did even that same."

After crossing this lone bog, when they came to the water side, they found a great crowd of people, seemingly all the inhabitants of the islands assembled there, waiting to take leave of Master Harry; and each of them was cheered by a kind word and a look, before they would let him step into the boat.

"Aye, go *to the continent*," said Shee-

lah, "aye, go to fifty continents, and in all Ireland you'll not find hearts warmer to you, than those of the Black Islands, that knows you best from a child, Master Harry, dear."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ORMOND was received with much kindness in Dr. Cambray's family, in which he felt himself at ease, and soon forgot that he was a stranger; his mind, however, was anxious about his situation, as he longed to get into active life.

Every morning, when the post came in, he hoped there would be a letter for him with his commission; and he was every morning regularly surprised and disappointed on finding that there was none. In the course of each ensuing day, however, he forgot his disappointment, and said he believed he was happier where he was, than he could be any where else. The regular morning question of "Any

letters for me?" was at last answered by "Yes; one franked by Sir Ulick O'Shane." "Ah! no commission, I feel no enclosure—single letter, no! double." Double or single, it was as follows:—

"Dear Harry,—At last I have seen the executrix and son-in-law, whom that great genius deceased, my well-beloved cousin in folly, king Corny, chose for himself. As to that thing, half mud, half tinsel, half Irish, half French, Miss, or Mademoiselle, O'Faley, that jointed doll is—all but the eyes, which move of themselves in a very extraordinary way —a mere puppet, pulled by wires in the hands of another. The master-showman, fully as extraordinary in his own way as his puppet, kept, while I was by, as much as possible behind the scenes. The hand and ruffle of the French petit-maître, and the prompter's voice, however, were visible and audible enough for me. In plain English, I suppose it is no news to you to hear, that Mademoiselle O'Faley is a

fool, and Monsieur de Connal, captain O'Connal, Black Connal, or by whatever other *alias* he is to be called, is *properly*, a puppy. I am sorry, my dear boy, to tell you, that the fool has let the rogue get hold of the five hundred pounds lodged in the bank, so no hopes of your commission for three months, or at the least, two months, to come. My dear boy, your much-lamented friend and benefactor (is not that the style ?) king Corny, who began, I think, by being, years ago, to your admiration, his own tailor, has ended, I fear, to your loss, by being his own lawyer; he has drawn his will so that any attorney could drive a coach and six through it—so ends 'every man his own lawyer.' Forgive me this laugh, Harry. By the bye, you, my dear ward, will be of age in December, I think—then all my legal power of interference ceases.

"Meantime, as I know you will be out of spirits when you read this, I have some comfort for you and myself, which

I kept for a bonne-bouche—you will never more see Lady O'Shane, nor I neither. Articles of separation, and I didn't trust myself to be my own lawyer, have been signed between us, so I shall see her ladyship sail for England this night—won't let any one have the pleasure of putting her on board but myself—I will see her safe off, and feel well assured nothing can tempt her to return—even to haunt me—or scold you—This was the business which detained me in Dublin—well worth while to give up a summer to secure for the rest of one's days liberty to lead a batchelor's merry life, which I mean to do at Castle Hermitage or elsewhere, now and from henceforth—Miss Black in no ways, notwithstanding. Miss Black, it is but justice to tell you, is now convinced of my conjugal virtues, and admires my patience as much as she used to admire Lady O'Shane's. She has been very useful to me in arranging my affairs in this separa-

tion—*In consequence*, I have procured a commission of the peace for a certain Mr. M'Crule, a man whom you may remember to have seen or heard at the bottom or corner of the table at Castle Hermitage, one of the *Cromwellians*, a fellow with the true draw-down of the mouth, and who speaks, or snorts, through his nose. I have caused him, not without some difficulty, to ask Miss Black to be his helpmate—(Lord *help* him and forgive me!)—And Miss Black, preferring rather to stay in Ireland and become Mrs. M'Crule, than to return to England and continue companion to Lady O'Shane, hath consented (who can blame her?) to marry on the spur of the occasion—to-morrow—I giving her away, you may imagine with what satisfaction. What with marriages and separations, the business of the nation, my bank, my canal, and my coal mines, you may guess my hands have been full of business—now, all for pleasure! Next week I hope

to be down enjoying my liberty at Castle Hermitage, where I shall be heartily glad to have my dear Harry again—Marcus in England still—the poor Annalys in great distress about the son, with whom, I fear, it is all over—no time for more—Measure my affection by the length of this, the longest epistle extant in my hand-writing.

"My dear boy, your's ever,

"ULICK O'SHANE."

The mixed and crossing emotions, which this letter was calculated to excite, having crossed, and mixed, and subsided a little, the predominating feeling was expressed by our young hero with a sigh and this reflection—

"Two months at the least! I must wait before I can have my commission—two months more in idleness the fates have decreed."

"That last is a part of the decree that depends on yourself, not on the fates. Two months you must wait, but why in idleness?" said Dr. Cambray.

The kind and prudent doctor did not press the question, he was content with its being heard, knowing that it would sink into the mind and produce its effect in due season. Accordingly, after some time—after Ormond had exhaled impatience, and exhausted invective, and submitted to necessity, he returned to reason with the doctor. One evening, when the doctor and his family had returned from walking, and as the tea-urn was just coming in bubbling and steaming, Ormond set to work at a corner of the table, at the doctor's elbow.

"My dear doctor, suppose I was now to read over to you my list of books."

"Suppose you were, and suppose I was to fall asleep," said the doctor.

"Not the least likely, Sir, when you are to do any thing kind for a friend—may I say friend?"

"You may. Come, read on, I am not proof against flattery, even at my age—well, read away."

Ormond began, but at that moment—

there drove past the windows a travelling chariot and four.

"Sir Ulick O'Shane! as I live," cried Ormond, starting up. "I saw him—he nodded to me. Oh no, impossible—he said he would not come till next week—Where's his letter?—What's the date?—Could it mean this week?—No; he says next week quite plainly—What can be the reason?"

A note for Mr. Ormond was brought in, which had been left by one of Sir Ulick O'Shane's servants as they went by.

"My commission after all," cried Harry—"I always knew, I always said, that Sir Ulick was a good friend."

"Has he purchased the commission?" said Dr. Cambray.

"He does not actually say so, but that must be what his note means," said Ormond.

"Means! but what does it say?—May I see it?"

"It is written in such a hurry, and in pencil, you'll not be able to make it out."

The doctor, however, read aloud—

"If Mr. Harry Ormond will inquire, at Castle Hermitage, he will hear of something to his advantage.

"U. O'SHANE."

"Go off this minute," said Mrs. Cambray, "and inquire at Castle Hermitage what Mr. Harry Ormond may hear to his advantage, and let us learn it as soon as possible."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Harry; and ere the words were well uttered a hundred steps were lost.

With more than his usual cordiality, Sir Ulick O'Shane received him, came out into the hall to meet his dear Harry, his own dear boy, to welcome him again to Castle Hermitage.

"We did not expect you, Sir, till next week—this is a most agreeable surprise—Did not you say—"

"No matter what I said, you see what

I have done," interrupted Sir Ulick; "and now I must introduce you to a niece of mine, whom you have never yet seen."

"Oh! then there was a bonnet in the carriage."

"A bonnet—yes; but don't be alarmed—as unlike the last bonnet that presided here as possible. In two words, that you may know your ground, this niece of mine, Lady Norton, is a charming, well-bred, pleasant, little widow, whose husband died, luckily for her and me, just when they had run out all their large fortune. She is delighted to come to me, and is just the thing to do the honours of Castle Hermitage—used to the style; but observe, though she is to rule my roast and my boiled, she is not to rule me or my friends—that is a preliminary, and a special clause for Harry Ormond's being a privileged *ami de la maison*. Now, my dear fellow, you understand how the land lies, and depend

upon it, you'll like her, and find her every way of *great advantage to you.*"

So, thought Harry, is this all the advantage I am to hear of?

Sir Ulick led on to the drawing-room, and presented him to a fashionable looking lady, neither young nor old, nothing in any respect remarkable.

"Lady Norton, Harry Ormond—Harry Ormond, my niece, Lady Norton, who will make this house as pleasant to you, and to me, and to all my friends, as it has been unpleasant ever since—in short, ever since you were out of it, Harry."

Lady Norton, with gracious smile and well-bred courtesy, received Harry in a manner that promised the performance of all for which Sir Ulick had engaged. Tea came; and the conversation went on chiefly between Sir Ulick and Lady Norton on their own affairs, about invitations and engagements they had made, before they left Dublin, with

various persons who were coming down to Castle Hermitage. Sir Ulick asked, "When are the Brudenells to come to us, my dear?—Did you settle with the Lascelles?—and Lady Louisa, she must be here with the vice-regal party—arrange that, my dear."

Lady Norton had settled every thing; she took out an elegant memorandum-book, and read the arrangements to Sir Ulick:——"Monday, the Brudenells; Wednesday, the Lascelles; week afterwards, Lady Louisa L—— and the vice-regal party;" with more titled personages and names of fashionable notoriety, than Harry Ormond had ever before heard, or conceived to exist. Between whiles, Sir Ulick turned to him and noted the claims of these persons to distinction, and as several ladies were named, exclaimed—

"Charming woman!—Delightful little creature!—The Darrells; Harry, you'll like the Darrells too!—The Lardners, all clever, pleasant, and odd, will entertain you amazingly, Harry!—But Lady Mil-

licent is *the* woman—nothing at all has been seen in this country like her—most fascinating!—Harry, take care of your heart."

Then, as to the men—this man was clever—and the other was quite a hero—and the next the pleasantest fellow—and the best sportsman—and there were men of political eminence—men who had distinguished themselves on different occasions by celebrated speeches—and particularly promising rising young men, with whom he must make Ormond intimately acquainted. The whole of this conversation was calculated to impress him with the idea, that the most celebrated, charming, delightful people of both sexes in the universe had agreed to *rendezvous*, in the course of the ensuing month, at Castle Hermitage—a scene of never-ending pleasure and festivity seemed opening to his view. Now Sir Ulick closed Lady Norton's book, and taking it from her hand, said—

"I am tiring you, my dear—that's

enough for to-night—we'll settle all the rest to-morrow—you must be tired after your journey--I whirled you down without mercy—you look fatigued and sleepy."

Lady Norton said, "Indeed, she believed she was a little tired, and rather sleepy."

Her uncle begged she would not sit up longer from compliment; accordingly, apologizing to Mr. Ormond, and "really much fatigued," she retired. Sir Ulick walked up and down the room, meditating for some moments, while Harry renewed his intimacy with an old dog, who, at every pause in the conversation, jumping up on him, and squeeling with delight, had claimed his notice.

"Well, my boy," exclaimed Sir Ulick, stopping short, "aren't you a most extraordinary fellow? Pray did you get my note?"

"Certainly, Sir, and came instantly in consequence."

"And yet you have never inquired

what it is that you might hear to your advantage."

"I—I thought I had heard it, Sir."

"Heard it, Sir!" repeated Sir Ulick—"What *can* you mean?"

"Simply, Sir, that I thought the advantage you alluded to was the introduction you did me just now the favour to give me to Lady Norton; you said, her being here would be *a great advantage to me*, and that led me to conclude—"

"Well, well! you were always a simple good fellow—confiding in my friendship—continue the same—you will, I am confident. But had you no other thought?"

"I had," said Harry, "when first I read your note, I had, I own, another thought."

"And what might it be?"

"I thought of my commission, Sir."

"What of your commission?"

"That you had procured it for me, Sir."

"Since you ask me, I tell you ho-

nestly, that if it had been for your interest, I would have purchased that commission long ago; but there is a little secret, a political secret, which I could not tell you before—those who are behind the scenes cannot always speak—I may tell it to you now confidentially, but you must not repeat it, especially from me—that peace is likely to continue; so the army is out of the question."

"Well, Sir, if that be the case—you know best."

"I do,—it is, trust me; and as things have turned out,—though I could not possibly foresee what has happened,—every thing is for the best; I have come express from town to tell you news, that will surprise you beyond measure."

"What can you mean, Sir?"

"Simply, Sir, that you are possessed, or soon will be possessed of—but come, sit down quietly, and in good earnest let me explain to you.—You know your father's second wife, the Indian woman,

the governor's mahogany-coloured daughter—she had a prodigious fortune, which my poor friend, your father, chose, when dying, to settle upon her, and her Indian son; leaving you nothing but what he could not take from you—the little paternal estate of three hundred pounds a year. Well, it has pleased Heaven to take your mahogany-coloured step-mother and your Indian brother out of this world; both carried off within a few days of each other by a fever of the country—much regretted, I dare say, in the Bombay Gazette, by all who knew them.

"But as neither you nor I had that honour, we are not, upon this occasion, called upon for any hypocrisy, further than a black coat, which I have ordered for you at my tailor's. *Have also noted* and answered, *in conformity*, the agent's letter of 26th July, received yesterday, containing the melancholy intelligence:—further, replied to that part of his last, which requested to know how and where

to transmit the property, or eighty thousand pounds sterling, which, on the Indian mother and brother's demise, falls, by the will of the late Capt. Ormond, to his European son, Harry Ormond, Esq. now under the guardianship of Sir Ulick O'Shane, Castle Hermitage, Ireland."

As he spoke, Sir Ulick produced the agent's letter, and put it into his ward' hand, pointing to the "useful passages." —Harry, glancing his eye over them, understood just enough to be convinced, that Sir Ulick was in earnest, and that he was really heir to a very considerable property.

"Well! Harry Ormond, Esq." pursued Sir Ulick, "was I wrong when I told you, that if you would inquire at Castle Hermitage you would hear of something to your advantage?"

"I *hope* in Heaven," said Ormond, "and *pray* to Heaven, that it may be to my advantage!—I hope neither my head nor my heart may be turned by sudden prosperity."

"Your heart—Oh! I'll answer for your heart, my noble fellow;" said Sir Ulick—"but I own you surprise me by the coolness of head you shew."

"If you'll excuse me," said Ormond, "I must run this minute to tell Dr. Cambray and all my friends at Vicar's Vale."

"Certainly—quite right," said Sir Ulick, "I won't detain you a moment," said he—but he still held him fast. "I let you go to-night, but you must come to me to-morrow."

"Oh! Sir, certainly."

"And you will bid adieu to Vicar's Vale, and take up your quarters at Castle Hermitage, with your old guardian."

"Thank you, Sir—delightful! But I need not bid adieu to Vicar's Vale—*they* are so near, I shall see them every day."

"Of course," said Sir Ulick, biting his lip—"*but* I was thinking of something.

"Pray," continued Sir Ulick, "do you like a gig, a curricle, or a phaeton

best, or what carriage will you have; there is Tom Darrell's in London now, who can bring it over for you. Well, we can settle that to-morrow."

"If you please—thank you, kind Sir Ulick—how *can* you think so quickly of every thing?"

"Horses too—let me see," said Sir Ulick, drawing Harry back to the fire place—"Aye, George Beine is a judge of horses, he can chuse for you, unless you like to chuse for yourself. What colour—black or bay?"

"I declare, Sir, I don't know yet—my poor head is in such a state—and the horses happen not to be uppermost."

"I protest, Harry, you perfectly astonish me, by the sedateness of your mind and manner. You are certainly wonderfully formed and improved since I saw you last—but, how! in the name of wonder, in the Black Islands, *how* I cannot conceive," said Sir Ulick.

"As to sedateness, you know, Sir,

since I saw you last, I may well be sobered a little, for I have suffered—not a little," said Harry.

"Suffered! how?" said Sir Ulick, leaning his arm on the mantle-piece opposite to him, and listening with an air of sympathy—"suffered! I was not aware—"

"You know, Sir, I have lost an excellent friend."

"Poor Corny—aye, my poor cousin, as far as he could, I am sure he wished to be a friend to you."

"He wished to be, and *was*," said Ormond.

"It would have been better for him and his daughter too," resumed Sir Ulick, "if he had chosen you for his son-in-law, instead of the coxcomb to whom Dora is going to be married—yet I own, as your guardian—I am well pleased that Dora, though a very pretty girl, is out of your way—you must look higher—she was no match for you."

" I am perfectly sensible, Sir, that we should never have been happy together."

" You are a very sensible young man, Ormond—you make me admire you, seriously — I always foresaw what you would be:—Ah! if Marcus—but we'll not talk of that now.—Terribly dissipated—has spent an immensity of money already—but still, when he speaks in Parliament, he will make a figure.—But good bye, good night, I see you are in a hurry to get away from me."

" *From you*—Oh, no, Sir, you cannot think me so ungrateful—I have not expressed—because I have not words;—when I feel much, I never can say any thing;—yet believe me, Sir, I do feel your kindness, and all the warm, fatherly interest you have this night shewn that you have for me:—but I am in a hurry to tell my good friends the Cambrays, who I know are impatient for my return, and I fear I am keeping them up beyond their usual hour."

"Not at all—besides—good heavens! can't they sit up a quarter of an hour, if they are so much interested?—stay, you really hurry my slow wits—one thing more I had to say—pray may I ask, to *which* of the Miss Cambrays is it that you are so impatient to impart your good fortune?"

"To both, Sir," said Ormond—"equally."

"Both!—you unconscionable dog, polygamy is not permitted in these countries.—Both—no—try again for a better answer, though that was no bad one at the first blush."

"I have no other answer to give than the plain truth, Sir.—I am thinking neither of polygamy, nor even of marriage at present.—These young ladies are both very amiable, very handsome, and very agreeable; but, in short, we are not thinking of one another—indeed I believe they are engaged."

"Engaged!—Oh!—Then you have

thought about these young ladies enough to find that out.—Well, this saves your gallantry—good night."

Sir Ulick had this evening taken a vast deal of superfluous pains to sound a mind, which lay open before him, clear to the very bottom; but because it was so clear, he could not believe that he saw the bottom.—He did not much like Dr. Cambray—father Jos was right there.—Dr. Cambray was one of those simple characters, which puzzled Sir Ulick—the idea of these Miss Cambrays, of the possibility of his ward's having formed an attachment that might interfere with his views—disturbed Sir Ulick's rest this night. His first operation in the morning was, to walk down unexpectedly early to Vicar's Vale. He found Ormond with Dr. Cambray, very busy, examining a plan which the doctor had sketched for a new cottage for Moriarty, a mason was standing by, talking of sand, lime, and stones.—"But the young

ladies, where are they?" Sir Ulick asked.

Ormond did not know.—Mrs. Cambray, who was quietly reading, said, she supposed they were in their gardens; and not in the least suspecting Sir Ulick's suspicions, she was glad to see him, and gave credit to his neighbourly good-will for the earliness of this visit, without waiting even for the doctor to pay his respects first, as he intended to do at Castle Hermitage.

"Oh! as to that," Sir Ulick said, "he did not intend to live on terms of ceremony with Dr. Cambray—he was impatient to take the first opportunity of thanking the doctor for his attentions to his ward."

Sir Ulick's quick eye saw on the table in Harry's handwriting the *list of books to be read.* He took it up, looked it over, and with a smile asked—

"Any thoughts of the church, Harry?"

"No, Sir—it would be rather late

for me to think of the church, I should never prepare myself properly."

"Besides," said Sir Ulick, "I have no living in my gift—but if," continued he, in a tone of irony, "if, as I should opine from the list I hold in my hand, you look to a college living my boy, if you are bent upon reading for a fellowship, I don't doubt but with Dr. Cambray's assistance, and with some *grinder* and *crammer*, we might get you cleverly through all the college examinations—and Doctor, if he did not, in going through some of the college courses, die of a logical indigestion, or a classical fever, or a metaphysical lethargy, he might shine in the dignity of Trin. Coll. Dub., and, mad Mathesis inspiring, might teach eternally how the line A B is equal to the line C D—or why poor X Y Z are unknown quantities.—Ah! my dear boy, think of the pleasure, the glory of lecturing classes of *ignoramuses*, and dunces yet unborn."

Harry, no way disconcerted, laughed good humouredly with his guardian, and replied.—"At present, Sir, my ambition reaches no farther than to escape myself from the class of dunces and ignoramuses. I am conscious, that at present I am very deficient."

"*In* what, my dear boy?—To make your complaint English, you must say deficient *in* some thing or other—'tis an *Iricism* to say in general, that you are *very deficient.*"

"There is one of my particular deficiencies then you see, Sir.—I am deficient in English."

"You are not deficient in temper, I am sure," said Sir Ulick: "come, come, you may be tolerably well contented with yourself."

"Ignorant as I am!—No," said Ormond, "I will never sit down content in ignorance.—Now that I have the fortune of a gentleman, it would be so much the more conspicuous, more scan-

dalous—now that I have every way the means, I will, by the blessing of Heaven, and with the help of kind friends, make myself something more, and something better than I am."

"Gad! you are a fine fellow, Harry Ormond," cried Sir Ulick: "I remember having once, at your age, such feelings and notions myself!"

"Very unlike the first thoughts and feelings many young men would have on coming into unexpected possession of a fortune," said Dr. Cambray.

"True," said Sir Ulick, "and we must keep his counsel, that he may not be dubbed a quiz—not a word of this sort, Harry, for the Darrells, the Lardners, or the Dartfords."

"I don't care whether they dub me a quiz or not," said Harry, hastily, "what are Darrells, Lardners, or Dartfords to me?"

"They are something to *me*," said Sir Ulick.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Sir, I didn't know that—that makes it quite another affair."

"And Harry, as you are to meet these young men, I thought it well to try how you could bear to be laughed at—I have tried you in this very conversation, and found you, to my infinite satisfaction, *ridicule proof*—better than even *bullet proof*—much better.—No danger that a young man of spirit should be *bullied* out of his opinion and principles, but great danger that he might be *laughed* out of them—and I rejoice, my dear ward, to see that you are safe from this peril."

Benevolent pleasure shone in Dr. Cambray's countenance, when he heard Sir Ulick speak in this manner.

"You will dine with us, Dr. Cambray," said Sir Ulick, "Harry, you will not forget Castle Hermitage?"

"Forget Castle Hermitage! as if I could, where I spent my happy child-

hood—that Paradise, as it seemed to me the first time—when, a poor little orphan boy, I was brought from my smoky cabin—I remember the day as well as if it was this moment—when you took me by the hand, and led me in, and I clung to you."

"Cling to me still! cling to me ever," —interrupted Sir Ulick, "and I will never fail you—*no, never*," repeated he, grasping Harry's hand, and looking upon him with an emotion of affection, strongly felt, and therefore strongly expressed.

"To be sure I will," said Harry.

"And I hope," added Sir Ulick, recovering the gaiety of his tone, "that at Castle Hermitage a Paradise will open for your youth, as it opened for your childhood."

Mrs. Cambray put in a word of hope and fear about Vicar's Vale. To which Ormond answered—

"Never fear Mrs. Cambray—trust me —I know my own interest too well."

Sir Ulick turning again as he was leaving the room, said with an air of frank liberality—

"We'll settle that at once—we'll divide Harry between us—or we'll divide his day thus—the mornings I leave you to your friends and studies for an hour or two, Harry, in this Vale of Eden, the rest of the day we must have you—men and books best mixed—see Bacon, and see every clever man, that ever wrote or spoke—So here," added Sir Ulick, pointing to a map of history, which lay on the table, "you will have *The Stream of Time*, and with us *Le Courant du Jour*."

Sir Ulick departed.—During the whole of this conversation, and of that of the preceding night, while he seemed to be talking at random of indifferent things, unconnected and of opposite sorts, he had carefully attended to one object. Going round the whole circle of human motives—love, ambition, interest, ease,

pleasure, he had made accurate observations on his ward's mind; and reversing the order, he went round another way, and repeated and corrected his observations. The points he had strongly noted for practical use were, that for retaining influence over his ward, he must depend not upon interested motives of any kind, nor upon the force of authority, or precedent, nor yet on the power of ridicule, but principally upon feelings of honour, gratitude, and generosity.—Harry now no longer crossed any of his projects, but was become himself the means of carrying many into execution.—The plan of a match for Marcus with Miss Annaly was entirely at an end.—That young lady had given a decided refusal, and some circumstances, which we cannot here stop to explain, rendered Marcus and his father easy under that disappointment.—No jealousy or competition existing, therefore, any longer between his son and ward, Sir Ulick's affection for

Ormond returned in full tide—nor did he reproach himself for having banished Harry from Castle Hermitage, or for having formerly neglected, and almost forgotten him for two or three years. —Sir Ulick took the matter up just as easily as he had laid it down—he now looked on Harry not as the youth whom he had deserted, but as the orphan boy whom he had cherished in adversity, and whom he had a consequent right to produce and patronise in prosperity.—Beyond, or beneath all this, there was another reason, why Sir Ulick took so much pains, and felt so much anxiety to establish his influence over his ward.—This reason cannot yet be mentioned—he had hardly revealed it to himself—it was deep down in his soul—to be or not to be—as circumstances, time, and the hour should decide.

END OF VOL. II.